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"I saw a man with a silver trumpet."

Page 2

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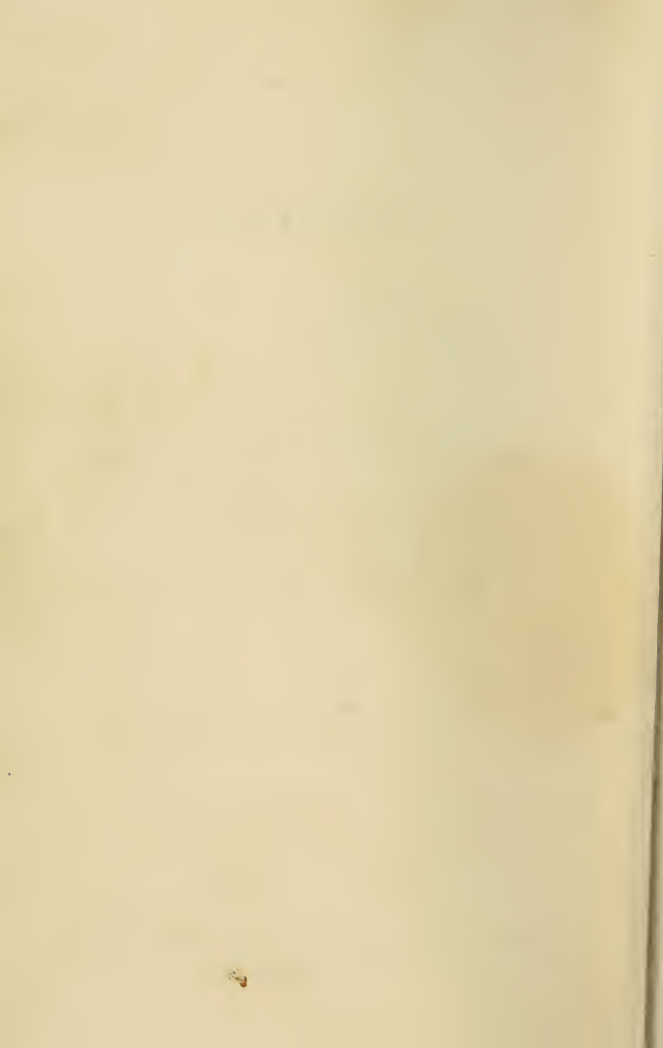
BY

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CANON RESIDENTIARY OF ST PAUL'S, AND
VICAR OF ST. PANCRAS.

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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
THE WHITE DRESS	1
THE DEBTORS	17
THE POOR PRISONER	35
THE KING'S PALACE	53
THE SHIPWRECK	69
THE RACE	93
THE BUILDERS	124
THE GLASS	144
THE JOURNEY	169
THE FOWLER	193



PREFACE.

THE first four of these little Stories were written, (according to the Advertisement to the first Edition,) “to raise a small sum to defray the expenses of the third Infants’ and tenth School lately opened in Whitechapel, a parish of above 34,000 souls.”

This object, through the kindness of many friends, and the Divine blessing, was accomplished ; and a School, held both in the week-days and Sundays, was supported for nearly three years from the sale of the first Series.

The last five stories were written (during a temporary cessation from active work through indisposition) to obtain the means of erecting a permanent School-house in one of the most densely inhabited and neglected districts of the Parish, containing 1300 souls in a single street, not half or half a quarter of a mile in length, and in which a Daily Ragged School with 140 children, and a Sunday School with seventeen Teachers and ninety children, were regularly assembled; till the large old house, (supposed to have belonged to the Earl of Essex in Elizabeth's reign, from whom the street had its name,) was pulled down to make way for a new and spacious street.

Close to the spot where that old house stood, a new Church, with free seats for a

thousand, and Schools for three hundred children, with residences for the Teachers, have been erected, through the noble gift of a wealthy congregation at the West End of London (whose Minister led them to desire to build a Free Church for the poor), and the aid of the Commissioners and Parishioners.

The writer has been led to believe that the SAVIOUR, when He used the illustrative mode of teaching by parables, did not merely adapt His way of teaching to the Eastern mind, but used a method, most attractive to the mind of man, as man. In his own constant weekly visits to the many Schools of his charge, the writer has invariably found that a story will arrest the attention, and fasten the abstract lesson on the memory,

when the attention would flag, and the mind forget an unillustrated precept. The dart, wound round with lighted tow, fastens itself, and burns its way when either without the other would be harmless. It is humbly hoped that these little Allegories may, through the Divine blessing, interest some of the little ones of Christ's flock, and lead them to that *Book*, from whence they have been drawn, and to that blessed SAVIOUR, who is the subject of them all.

IMAGES.

THE WHITE DRESS.

THERE was a certain city, into which I went one day. I saw great numbers of people in the streets,—some of them laughing very loud,¹ and looking merry for a little while, but all of them seemed unhappy: there was a great deal of noise, but not one person I saw seemed to be at peace,²—they were pale and dirty,³ their dress was ragged and tattered; and, though some had clothes that looked more decent than the others at a distance, yet, when I came near to them, I found they were all patched, threadbare, and flimsy.⁴

While I was looking at this, and won-

dering at all I saw, I heard the sound of a trumpet. I turned towards the place from which the sound came, and saw a man with a silver trumpet to his mouth, standing at the top of one of the streets of the city. The people ran together to the place where he stood, and I went with them. The man who was sounding with the silver trumpet was like the other people in appearance, but did not seem so sad : he seemed sad indeed when he looked on the crowd of pale, ragged, unhappy people around him ; but then he smiled as if he was glad to see them coming round to hear what he had to say :⁵ and the sound of the silver trumpet was so sweet, and rang so loud, and so clear, that it seemed to cheer the hearts of the people, though they did not know why they were glad. The man who had the silver trumpet looked like the servant of some great person ;⁶ for though his dress was very plain, being only white linen, he wore a cross on the front of his cap, and on his bosom. After he had blown the silver trumpet

cheerfully for some little time, he took it from his mouth, and said,

“Good friends, my Master has sent me to you with good news.”⁷

“But who is your Master?” asked one of the people round him.

“He is the good and rich person,” answered the man with the trumpet, “who lives in that large palace beyond the city.”⁸

“And what is the good news you have brought us?” asked another man from the crowd.

“I will tell you,” said the man. “My Master is getting his house ready to give you all a great feast, and do everything he can to make you happy; and he has sent me, and a great many more of my fellow-servants, to tell you of this, and ask you all in his name to come.”⁹

When the man had said this, some of the poor people clapped their hands with joy, and said,

“This is indeed good news—I will go—gladly and thankfully.—and kind indeed is

it of that good man to ask such poor people as we are to come to his beautiful house."

Others of the crowd did not believe what the man had told them, and said,

"Tush!—I do not believe it; he does not care for us;" and so walked away.

Those that were left began to ask the man when the day of the feast was to be—they seemed so eager to go. But he said,

"I cannot tell you. My Master did not tell us,¹⁰ and we cannot tell you on what day this great feast is to be, though it is to be soon;—but," said the man, "I have not yet told you *all* my message. Our Master bade us say that, though he wishes *every* one of you to come to the feast, yet he cannot let *any* of you come except you wear a beautiful white dress,¹¹ without a spot or stain, so that you may all look like one another, and be dressed in such a way as that he may sit down with you at the feast."

So when the poor people heard this they felt very sorrowful—they looked at their ragged, tattered, and flimsy clothing, and

said to one another, "Then, *I* cannot go." And another said, "I am sure I cannot; my own clothes are not good enough to go to *such* a house in, and I have no money to buy a white dress."

"If you had all the money in the world," said the man with the trumpet, "you could not buy *such* a white dress as our Master says you must wear. If you were to pass through this whole city, though they might show you what *they* call white, yet our Master will not call it so. It may seem a little white here in this dark and smoky city, but it will look very spotted and dingy in the bright and clear light, which shines in his beautiful palace."

"What then are we to do?" said the people that stood round the man. "We cannot think your Master would have taken all this trouble in sending you and your fellow-servants about to us if he had not *wished* to do us good; but how *can* we go without the white dress, and how can we get one?"

“If you had all the money in the world,” said the man, “you could not buy such a white dress as our Master says you must have;¹² for he is the only person who has the pure white linen¹³ of which the white dresses are made; and he will not *sell* it to any one. But if you really wish to have one of them, he has ordered us to tell you that if you will go to the lodge of his house, and knock at the door, and say you are come to ask for a white dress, because you wish to go to the feast, you shall each of you *have* one.”¹⁴

So after he had said this, and told the people not to forget to go to the lodge, he wished them good morning, and, smiling very kindly upon them all, went away.

I went to the lodge the day after this, and saw a great many of the people of the city crowding round the narrow gate, which was shut when I came to it. I saw a man go up to the door and knock loudly and boldly; but, to my surprise, the door was not opened. The man looked astonished,

and seemed in doubt whether he should knock again; but he did knock again, and still the door was not opened. The man said, "This is strange,—I shall go away; and I would not have come at all if I had known this;" and so walked away. I saw several knock, and when the door was not opened at once, they also walked away, saying the like words.¹⁵

Some of the other poor people who were standing round the door, who looked more pale and humble than the others who had gone away, and whose clothes, I observed, were far more ragged than those of the others, went up to the door and knocked. Still the door remained shut—there was no sound within, as if they were even coming to open it,—there was not even the creaking of a bolt heard. I looked to see what they would say or do, but *they* did not turn away—they still knocked on. I asked one of them what they thought about this?

"Sir," said one of them, "the man with the cross and trumpet, when he asked us

to come for a white dress, did not say that *the moment* we knocked the door should be opened; but that if we knocked it *should* be opened. His good Master never meant to deceive us; he would not have taken all the trouble to send his servants, and make his feast ready, and draw us out of the city, and then deceive us. *I shall go on knocking till he thinks good to have the door opened: ¹⁶ his time ought to be our time, since it is all of his favour and kindness that we are here at all.*"

So I saw in a little while the door opened; they were let in one by one, and I followed them. They each received a beautiful white dress, "whiter than snow, so as no fuller on earth could whiten it;" it covered and hid all their other dress, and they looked as if their health began to be better directly they had put it on. Their pale faces began to have a little colour; they no longer looked sad and downcast; and I saw one of the servants of the good Prince pour on the heads of some, oil, called "the

oil of gladness;" and directly their heads were anointed with this they looked up cheerfully and happily, and seemed "to rejoice inwardly with joy unspeakable." After they had received each one a white dress, they were told to take care not to get it spotted in the streets of the city; to which they were about to return, to lodge there till the great day of the feast. The servant who spoke to them about this, advised them to be very careful not to let the dress trail on the muddy ground, but keep it well girded up.¹⁷ He told them also to beware of going near anything likely to stain their white dress; but he also said that, if they should happen to soil it in the course of the day, in going about their work, they must carefully wash it out at night in a fountain, which the good Prince caused to be made in the city,¹⁸ and which quickly took out any stains, and made the dress as white as ever it was.

A little while after this I was in the city,

and saw several persons who had been at the King's lodge the day before, and had received white dresses. I saw several little boys and girls who had white dresses on. Some of them I remembered to have seen coming with their mothers, and some with their fathers, to the King's lodge; and I well remember how very kindly the King's servants spoke to these little boys and girls. How glad they were to see them come with their fathers and mothers. How very sweetly they smiled on them when they put the beautiful white dresses on these little children; and how they told them that their good Master, the King, loved little children very much, and would be very glad indeed to have them at the feast.¹⁹

Several of these little children I afterwards met in the city. Some of them were playing with their companions, and they were very happy and cheerful; but I saw that the children who had white dresses seemed to love to be with other children

most who were dressed like themselves. And, though they were quite like children, and were playing at children's play, I saw that they were not rude and noisy like the children that had not been to the King's lodge; they were not playing mischievous tricks, they did not tease one another, nor push one another roughly about, but seemed as if they wished and tried to make each other happy.²⁰

I went past a house, in one of the back streets of the city, and looked in at the window; there were seven children in the house; one of them, a very little girl about ten years old, had on a white dress; all the other children, and the father and mother, were dressed like the other people of the city. I heard the father say to the little girl, "Where did you go the other day?"

She said, "Father, I went to the King's lodge, and I wish that you, and my dear mother, and my brothers and sisters, had gone there too."

"Nonsense, child," said the father; "I

have got enough to do here without minding such things."

"But I wish, father, you *would* go," said the little girl, "they were so kind to me: the people who were going to the lodge all said they were sure I should be welcome; and when I got in, the King's servants, when they saw that I had no one with me to take care of me, and found I had come all the way by myself, gave me my white dress directly, and spoke so very kindly to me. I wish you would go, *dear* father and mother; it would make *me* so happy; and *you* would be so glad when you had once been there. Do go." So then I walked on to another street.

As I was walking gently along I heard some one talking rather loud, so I stopped and listened. Two young men were talking together; one had got on a white dress; the other, the person that I heard talking loud, had on the dress of the people of the city. His dress was not very ragged, or torn, but looked decent, though it was

patched and flimsy, when I looked at it more closely. This young man was saying to the other,

“What has come to you lately? I never see you where you used to be—you never take any pleasure now.”

“Yes, I do,” said the other. “I have more pleasure now than I ever had before; but I cannot go where I used to go, nor do what I used to do.”²¹

“Why not?” said the other. “I am sure a little harmless amusement is right; and to be always sitting at home moping over that book cannot be right.”

“I do not mope,” said the other, “though I love to be reading this book.”²² I have been happier since I stayed at home and read this than I was when I used to go out with you, and take pleasure, as it is called. I thought once that it would do no harm; but the first day I went, after having been to the King’s lodge and got this white dress, I found that the noise and bustle, and the music, and dancing

which I saw, were folly to me; and when I got home, my white dress, which was as white as snow in the morning, looked soiled and faded; and, though after I had washed it in the fountain, it came quite as white as ever, I could not go again, because it is no pleasure; and if I soiled my white dress again, now I know that I should soil it, I might not get out the stain; and all my care is to keep it white and clean against the happy day of the feast.”²³

“Well,” said the other, “I thought you a sensible person *once*, but I think you very silly *now*.”

I did not wish to hear any more, so I walked on.

These are some of the things I saw in that city; and the day of the feast had not come when I left the city.

NOTES.

¹ Eccles. ii. 2.—I said of laughter, It is mad ; and of mirth, What doeth it ?

² Rom. iii. 17.—The way of peace have they not known.

³ Isa. lxiv. 6.—All our righteousnesses are as filthy rags.

⁴ Luke, xvi. 15. —The things which are highly esteemed among men are abomination in the sight of God.

⁵ 2 Cor. vi. 10.—Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing ; poor, yet making many rich.

⁶ Acts, xvi. 17.—These men are the servants of the most high God, which shew unto us the way of salvation.

⁷ Luke, ii. 10.—Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

⁸ Ps. xi. 4.—The Lord is in his holy temple : the Lord's throne is in heaven.

⁹ Ps. xxxi. 19.—Oh how great is thy goodness, which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee : which thou hast wrought for them that trust in thee before the sons of men.

¹⁰ Matt. xxiv. 36.—Of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only.

¹¹ Heb. xii. 14.—Follow holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

¹² Acts, viii. 20.—Thy money perish with thee, because thou hast thought that the gift of God may be purchased with money.

¹³ Rev. xix. 8.—For the fine linen is the righteousness of the saints. Isa. liv. 17.—And their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.

¹⁴ Matt. vii. 7.—Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

¹⁵ Luke, xiii. 24.—*Strive* to enter in at the strait gate : for many shall *seek* to enter in, and shall not be able.

¹⁶ Luke, xviii. 7.—And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them ?

¹⁷ 1 Pet. i. 13.—Gird up the loins of your mind, be sober, and hope to the end, for the salvation that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ.

¹⁸ Zech. xiii. 1.—In that day there shall be a fountain opened, for sin and uncleanness.

¹⁹ Prov. viii. 17.—I love them that love me : and those that seek me early shall find me.

²⁰ John, xiii. 35.—By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

²¹ 2 Cor. v. 17.—If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature : old things are passed away : behold, all things are become new.

²² Ps. cxix. 97.—Lord, how I love thy law : it is my meditation all the day.

²³ 2 Pet. iii. 14.—Be diligent that ye may be found of him in peace, without spot, and blameless.

THE DEBTORS.

THERE was a certain King, who was most kind to all his subjects.¹ His kingdom was very great, and there were many cities which he governed. His people all loved him, and did what he commanded, except those who lived in one city. He had been very kind and good to the people of this city,² had supplied all their wants—fed them in time of scarceness, and shown them many proofs of his good-will and love. He had been a father to them, as well as a king, and had treated them more like his own children than his subjects. But the people behaved most ungratefully—though they had received all this love from him, they had not returned love for love ;³ they had eaten of the food which he let them have out of his store-houses and barns—had worn

the clothes which he supplied them with, and had paid him neither love nor money.

Sometimes they could not help thinking what would be the end of all this. They *did* sometimes fear that the day of reckoning might come at last; but when the fear of this came into their mind, they said to one another, "We need not be afraid, our King is very merciful and kind." So they went on without thinking any more about a day of reckoning.⁴

One day the city was in a great confusion,—like an ant-hill when some one has disturbed it; you might have seen the people running out of their doors, and asking one another what was the matter. You might have seen them gathered together in little knots at the corners of the streets, talking about something which seemed to have alarmed them and made them afraid.

"Have you heard the news?" said one of the citizens, as he met another in the street.

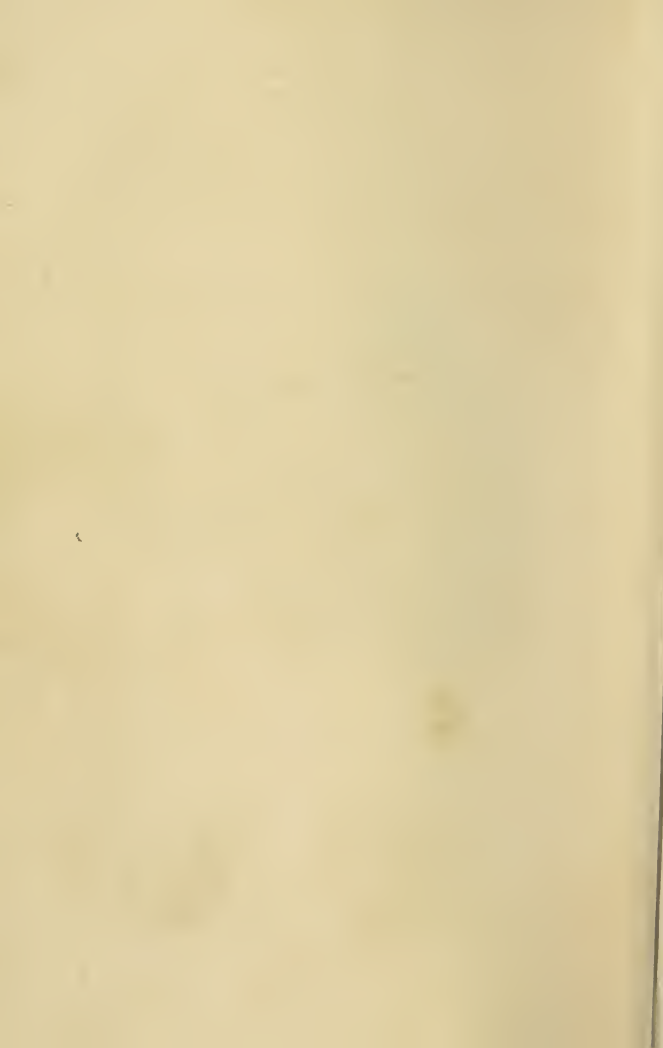
"What news?" said the other citizen.

"Why, the proclamation which the King



“ Asking one another what was the matter.”

Page 18.



has just sent and caused to be read in the city, in several places at once; did not you see one of his heralds?"

"No," said the other.

"Well, I will tell you, then; the King has caused it to be proclaimed in our city that every farthing of money which is owed him by us must be paid by a certain day,⁵ or we must go to prison."

"Indeed," said the other citizen, "that is bad news, for you know the King never yet broke his word; he very seldom threatens, but when he *has* once said a thing he never alters or changes."⁶

"I know it," said the other,—“you remember those people who lived at the other end of the kingdom, close to the King's palace—you remember how very much he had favoured them, and when they set themselves up against him, how dreadfully *they* were punished.”

"Yes, I remember hearing of it; they say that those people are kept in one of the King's prisons in chains and darkness, and

that he has said there is no pardon for them.”7

“What then are *we* to do? Oh, how dreadful it would be to fall under the same punishment.”

“What *can* we do?” said the other citizen. “If we were to go and ask him to forgive us, and say we were sorry for having run in his debt so deeply, might he not alter his mind?”

“That would be of no use,” said the other. “When he has once said that the debt must be paid, I am quite sure that he will not break his word.”

“But if we were to go and acknowledge how wrong we have been in running into debt with him, and promise not to do so again, might he not *then* forgive us?”

“I think not,” said the other; “for as he has proclaimed that the debt must be paid, our promising not to run in debt again will not pay our debt; besides, if we *were* to promise, could we *keep* the promise? if we have no money to pay off the debt, how are

we to keep clear from debt for the time to come?"

"That is true," answered the man. "I see it is certain that the King will not change his word, nor alter the thing that is gone out of his lips. I can see that if he did do so to *us*, the other people who live under his government would think he ought to do the same for *them*, and so they would not mind what he said."

"There is no hope then : we must suffer. O that there were some way of escape ! but there is *none* ; we are quite sure the *King* cannot *break his word* ; we are quite certain *we cannot pay the debt*—no, not one farthing of it. There is no hope, and we have nothing to look for but the prison, and *such* a prison—no one ever was known to come out that was once thrown in *there*."⁸ So the two citizens parted with heavy hearts and sad looks.

Some time after this happened, when the people of the city were looking forward with dread to the day when they should be

seized and cast into prison for their debt, the King's heralds came into the city to make a proclamation. The poor citizens were almost afraid to listen to what they said, for they felt sure that it was to tell them that the day was fixed and the prison ready, and that the King's judges were coming to go over every man's accounts—find how much he owed—and then pass sentence on him. However, a few went out and listened. When they heard what was being proclaimed, they could scarcely believe their ears—they heard that the whole debt of every one in the city was paid.

“Our gracious King,” said the herald, “has seen your trouble, and felt for your miserable state; he knows that you can pay him nothing, because you have no money with which you can pay; he knows that *you* can find no means of paying, because as you are all in debt to him and can none of you pay for yourselves, therefore none of you can pay for his neighbour.”⁹

“What then has been done?” asked one

of the people of the city; "has he then changed his mind?"

"No," said the herald, "he has not, he cannot do so; he said that the debt must be paid, and it is *paid*. He has found a friend who has paid him all your debt."

"Oh, how kind and good of our King!" cried some of the people. "Then the King has kept his word, the money is paid, and we shall not be cast into prison. But who is this friend—tell us?"

"He has been among you, but you did not know him; it is the King's own Son."

"We never saw him here," said the citizens, "and we should have known it if he had been here."

"He has been among you, but he came without any state or greatness.¹⁰ He put off his king's dress before he left his father's house, and if you had met him you would not have known from his dress that he was anything but a servant."

"And what did he do when he was here?" asked one of the citizens.

“He went about the city and saw with his own eyes the distress you were in through fear of prison, and he has himself paid your debt; and now every one of you may get a paper, on which your discharge is written, if you will apply for it to the King’s Son.”¹¹

“But where shall we find him?” asked the citizens.

“He is not far off, you will find him at a place outside the city now, waiting to give the paper to all who go for it.”

“But what need is there that we should get the paper? Is it not enough if we know that the debt has been paid?”

“No,” answered the King’s heralds; “the King has said that though his Son has paid the debt for all of you, yet he shall look on those who have not received a paper from his Son as his debtors still.¹² Besides, that is not all; you have no money to go on with, even if you are forgiven all your debt, and you will soon run into debt as much as before, so you had better go and get

your paper, and hear what the King's Son will say to you."

A great many of the citizens, when these tidings were spread through the city, were very glad indeed, and those were most glad now who had been most sorry before for having got into debt with the King. It was not those who had only been most afraid of going to prison, but those who had seemed grieved also for having fallen under the good King's anger. The others, who had been very much terrified at the thought of going into prison, seemed not to be at all anxious to go and get their papers. They said to one another, "You remember the man said that the Prince had paid for all; what more *can* we want? I shall not take the trouble of going after the paper."

So these stopped in the city, and took no more thought of the matter. The other citizens, whose hearts were quite moved by the kindness of the King and the Prince, though they were rejoiced to know that their debt was paid, yet could not rest till

they had seen the Prince and thanked him for his goodness, and received one of the papers signed with his own hand, and sealed with the King's seal. They all felt that the way to *prove* that they were thankful for what had been done for them was to do what had been told them.¹³ So these citizens went directly to the place which the heralds had told them of.

When they came there they did not see the Prince nor the King, but One who came from them both was there to meet them.¹⁴ He told them that their names would be put down in a book, belonging to the Prince, and assured them that their debt was quite forgiven. He gave each one of them a paper which showed that their debt was cancelled,¹⁵ as it is called, for there was written on it how much they had once owed; but this was so crossed over with red lines that they could not read the figures, which showed exactly how much they had owed. This great Person gave each of them a purse of money; he told them that they

were to have a *small* purse at first. "This," said he, "will be enough to keep you out of debt for the present, take all the care of it you can, and when *that* is gone come here, and if you have made good use of it you shall have another purse."¹⁶ So when they had received each man a purse of money, they went back very happy and thankful to the city.

When they got home they opened their purses and found in each a paper of rules.¹⁷ This paper showed them how to make the best use of their money; told them what things they might and ought to buy, and what each thing cost; and when their money was gone and they went out for more, though they owed a little, when they went and told the Person so who gave them the first purse, he said, "I can see you have been trying to do all you could. The King will forgive you this also."¹⁸ Here is another purse, there is more in it than there was in the first, and you must try more and more to put everything down you spend, and

see if you can keep quite out of debt. But the King knows you are *trying*, and the Prince loves you because you have believed what his heralds said, and done what he commanded you; and you need not fear." So the people went away still more glad than before; and they said, as they went home, "I will try more than ever to keep out of debt, the King is so kind to me; the King's Son paid my debt, and now gives me money to help to keep me out of debt, and is so very good to look over my faults, that I will try all I can to please him." And so they did; and they found that they never had known how great their debt was till they had it forgiven; nor how poor they were till they had received the King's money to help them.¹⁹

The rest of the people of the city, who would not do what the King's heralds had said, but thought it quite enough for the Prince to have paid the debt for all, went on increasing their debt every day, till one morning they heard to their great surprise

a strange sound, as of a very loud trumpet; and it grew louder and louder, and came nearer and nearer, and in a little time they saw a great many of the King's messengers running to and fro in the streets, and they saw them go into every house, and bring out *first* the men who had the papers, and they took them out of the city.²⁰ So then these men knew that the sound they had heard was the blast of the King's trumpets. After all the other men were gone out to meet the King's Son, which they did with happy smiling faces, talking cheerfully to the King's messengers as they went along, then the messengers came into every house and took out the rest; the King's messengers said nothing to the men, except, "Arise, and come to judgment." So they followed with their hearts almost dead with fear, pale and trembling, to a great open plain outside the city, where the Throne²¹ was set up, so that they could all see him, and they were hurried to a place at his left hand. The Judge wore several glittering

crowns on his head;²² and his look, when he turned to them, was one of such terrible majesty that they almost died with terror as he turned towards them. There were several great books open before him, and he read out of one of the books the name of every one of the men who had gone out of the city, according to his order.²³ There stood round the Prince a most glorious company, made up of the chief persons from all countries of the King's dominions; they all wore most bright and beautiful robes, but the Prince's dress was so dazzling white that they could scarcely look on it. When the Prince had read out the names aloud, he turned towards the men whose names were written in the book, and said that they should not go back to their city, but go away with him and live with him in his father's house, and be his friends, and always see his face.²⁴

Then he turned to the other men at his left hand, and read out of another great book all their names, and their debt; and

there was written in the book not only all that they had owed and he had paid, but all that they had added since he had paid, and they were taken away to that dreadful prison, in which the other people, who had once lived near the King's palace, and been his chief servants, were kept chained and in darkness.²⁵

NOTES.

¹ Jer. x. 10.—The Lord is the true God, He is the living God, and an everlasting king.

² Psalm xxxiii. 5.—The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord.

³ Psalm xiv. 2, 3.—The Lord looked down from heaven upon the children of men, to see if there were any that did understand and seek God. They are *all* gone aside.

⁴ Eccles. viii. 11.—Because sentence against an evil work is not executed speedily, therefore the heart of the sons of men is fully set in them to do evil.

⁵ Eccles. iii. 15.—God requireth that which is past.

⁶ Num. xxiii. 19.—God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the son of man, that He should repent: hath He said, and shall He not do it? hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good?

⁷ Jude, 6.—The angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in everlasting chains under darkness, unto the judgment of the great day.

⁸ Matt. v. 26.—Thou shalt by no means come out thence, till thou hast paid the uttermost farthing.

⁹ Psalm xlix. 7.—None of them can by any means redeem his brother, nor give to God a ransom for him.

¹⁰ Phil. ii. 6, 7, 8.—Who, being in the form of God, thought it not robbery to be equal with God: but made himself of no reputation, and took upon him the

form of a servant, and was made in the likeness of man : and being found in fashion as a man, he humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, even the death of the cross.

¹¹ Acts, v. 31.—Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

¹² 1 Tim. iv. 10.—The living God is the Saviour of all men, specially of those that believe.

¹³ John, xiv. 23.—If a man love me, he will keep my words.

¹⁴ John, xvi. 13, 14, 15.—Howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He will guide you into all truth : He shall glorify me ; for He shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine.

Phil. iv. 3.—Whose names are in the book of life.

¹⁵ 1 John, ii. 12.—I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake.

¹⁶ Matt. xiii. 12.—For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance.

¹⁷ Rom. iii. 4.—That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.

¹⁸ 1 John, ii. 1.—If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.

¹⁹ Ps. lxxv. 3.—Iniquities prevail against me : as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

²⁰ Matt. xxiv. 31.—And he shall send his angels with a great sound of trumpet, and they shall gather toge-

ther his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.

¹ 1 Thess. iv. 16.—The dead in Christ shall rise first.

²¹ Rev. xx. 11.—And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away.

²² Rev. xix. 12.—And on his head were many crowns.

²³ Rev. xx. 12.—And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God : and the books were opened : and another book was opened, which is the book of life.

²⁴ Matt. xxv. 34.—Then shall the king say unto them at his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.

²⁵ Matt. xxv. 41.—Then shall he say also unto them on his left hand, Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

THE POOR PRISONER.

HERE is a prison! the strong heavy doors, with the great nails outside, that look like knobs of iron; and the little grating, through which the people look before they open the gate—the narrow windows, like slits in the thick stone wall, fenced over with bars of iron—the high walls, that make us dizzy to look up at them, show this to be a prison.

We will go in and see some of the prisoners. Here is a heavy iron knocker; let us knock at the gate. Hark! how the noise rings through the silent courts as if they were empty; but they are not empty; the prison is full—there has been a rebellion in the country, and the prison is full of the rebels. They are soon to be tried for

their lives, and though it is known that some have been more guilty than others, yet, as all have been guilty of rebellion, and were taken with weapons in their hands, it is certain that they will all be found guilty of death. Let us knock again. The jailor comes to the gate—he opens the little grating, and looks through to see who knocks.

“We wish to come into the prison, jailor, if you please, and speak to some of the prisoners.”

“Have you an order?”

“Yes, here it is—you will find it right.”

So the jailor reads the paper, and unbars the wicket gate, which opens within the large prison gate, and we are in the prison.

What a dark gloomy place a prison is! Everything looks as if it said, “When once here, there is no getting out again.” The heavy iron doors, opening into the cells; the stone floors and passages; the sharp iron spikes on the top of the walls, all look as if escape was impossible.



“Seated on a wooden bench.”

“ We should like to see and speak to one of the prisoners.”

“ You shall,” says the jailor ; “ come this way. I will show you one who has been a leader in the late rebellion.”

So the jailor led us through a dark passage, dimly lighted from some narrow chinks in the wall, which threw a glimmer now and then across the passage. He took us up a winding stair of granite stone, at the top of which was a small door of iron ; he picked out a key from the heavy bunch which he carried in his hand, and unlocked the door : having shot back the bolts, he opened the heavy door, which moved slowly on its hinges, and we went into the cell. There was the prisoner : he was seated on a wooden bench at one side of his little cell ; his iron bedstead stood at the other side : we could see that he had two iron rings round his ankles, and two iron chains from each of these rings fastened to a belt round his waist.¹ He looked sad and sorrowful ; and

his face was pale and thin. The jailor left us, saying,

“You may speak with this man; I shall leave you with him for a little while.”

So he shut the door, and bolted us in.

“My poor friend,” I said to the prisoner, “I am sorry to see you here in this gloomy place, with these heavy chains on.”

“And I,” said the prisoner, “am very sorry to be here.”

“What have you done?” I said (for I wished the man to tell me his own story).

“I have been no worse than my neighbours,” said the man; “we all rebelled against the King; we did not like his laws; they were too strict for us, and so we tried to shake them off—that was all we did; but I hope the King will not be hard upon us.”

“Have you any reason to give *why* the King should show you mercy?”

“I have no particular reason, only, that I hope he *will*; it would be hard if he were to punish us.”

“Have you not broken his laws by rebelling against him?”

“Perhaps we have.”

“And if you have broken them by rebellion, are you not liable to whatever punishment may be laid down in them as the punishment *for* rebellion?”

“I suppose we are,” said the prisoner.

“And do you not know,” I said, “that the laws are very clear on this point, and that death is the punishment of rebellion? Every traitor and rebel must die.”²

“If this be true,” said the prisoner, “I am lost—I am a dead man; but I can hardly think it *is* so; because, if it is, there are so many that must die. This prison is full of people much worse than myself, and who deserve death far more than I do.”

“The laws,” I said, “are clear—*every* traitor must die; and if there are many, and they all deserve death as much as you, both they and you will be punished; and that just as certainly as if you were the only rebel.”

“If this be so,” said the prisoner, “I have no hope of mercy—I have no reason to give, if I was tried this moment, why sentence should not be passed upon me.³ I *am* a rebel—*that*, I cannot deny.”

“But I am told,” I said, “that you are ill as well as guilty, and that if you did not die by the executioner, you have a mortal sickness that would kill you, if you were not cured of it.⁴ Yours is a sad case.”

When I saw the poor man very sorrowful and downcast, I said,

“Is there no hope? have you no friend who could plead for you to the King?”

“I have no such friend,” answered the man,⁵ “and I know of no friend who could hope to obtain so great a favour; for that person who could venture to ask the King to forgive those who have so grievously offended him as I have, must have great interest with him.”

“Is your day of trial fixed?” I asked.

“It is,” said the man, “though I have not been told the day—the King’s judge is

to come and try us one by one privately, and after that we are all to be tried publicly before the whole city; and our sentence is to be pronounced and executed.⁶ The jailor told me this."

"When you now think of your trial, how do you feel, poor man?" I said.

"It is a fearful thing to think of it—I shall be afraid to go into court; every time I hear a knock at the prison-gate I shall tremble, and think, 'Perhaps it is the judge come to question me;' every time the bolts of my cell are drawn, and my door opened, I shall say, 'The jailor has come to take me into court.' It is bad with me *here*. It will be worse with me *soon*: these heavy chains are only a taste of my future punishment. I have nothing before me but a fearful looking for of judgment: but I have deserved judgment, and no mercy; and I have no hope of mercy."

When the prisoner had said this, the door of his cell opened, and the jailor came

to tell us that we could not be allowed to stay any longer. He told us, as we went out, that every cell in the prison was full, and that he did not know any one day which of the prisoners might be sent for to be examined by the King's judge. He told us that his duty was to lay hold of the prisoners, and keep them safe, and bear witness against them at their examinations;⁷ but that the King's high marshal came to the prison, with the name of the prisoner he was to bring before the judge; and that when they had been examined, they were taken away by the high marshal to another place of safe keeping, belonging to the King, in another part of the country.

Some time after this happened we obtained an order, and went again to see the poor prisoner; we wished to know if he was still there. We were let in as before, and taken straight to his cell. When we came into his cell, though he looked as pale and ill as before, yet we thought he did not look

so sorrowful ; it seemed as if something had given his mind a turn ; and it was as we guessed. He soon told us about it.

“ Since you have been here I have had a stranger with me : I never saw him before ; and I do not know his name now.”

“ What did this stranger say to you ?”

“ He began by talking with me about my crime. He read over to me the laws against rebellion, and explained to me in how many ways I had offended :⁸ and when he saw that I denied nothing, and excused nothing, he showed me how just and right the laws were ; and, without reproaching me for my crimes, he reasoned with me so tenderly and kindly on the goodness of the King, and my ingratitude in breaking his laws, that my heart was quite melted—the tears flowed from my eyes, and I wept bitterly.”⁹

“ What else did this stranger do ?” I asked.

“ When he saw,” said the prisoner, “ that I did not deny my guilt, and was really

grieved for it at the heart, the stranger asked me if I had any hope of life? I told him what I told you, that I had none; because, being guilty of death, I must die; and being ill also of a mortal disease, I must die of that, if I were not cured. He asked if I ever had thought of writing a petition to the King. I said, if I should write a petition, who would take it to the King and get him to read it? besides, I said, I neither know how to write such a petition properly, nor have I either paper, ink, or pen, to write with. ‘Will you write a petition,’ said the stranger, ‘if I help you to write it? here is the paper, and the ink, and pen—take the pen and write.’ So I took the pen, and the kind stranger told me what to say, and guided my hand while I wrote.¹⁰ When it was written, and signed with my name, I said to the stranger, ‘Look here—my hands have soiled the paper, which was so white and clean when you gave it me—will the King look at such a soiled petition? and who will present it to

him, and ask him to read it?’ ‘You need not fear,’ said the kind stranger; ‘the Friend who sent me to you will take charge of your petition; and if *he* asks, the King will read it.’¹¹ After this the stranger left me,” said the prisoner, “but though I have heard no more of my petition, yet a gleam of hope sometimes breaks into my mind, and I think there *may be* mercy.”

The next time we visited the prison, we found the poor man looking still more cheerful. The kind stranger had been with him, and brought him good news. He had taken his petition to the Friend he spoke of—that Friend had taken off all the soil from the paper, and made it as clean and white as snow,¹²—had carried it to the King, and asked him to read it, and the King read it directly; the Friend entreated the King for *his* sake to have mercy also on the poor prisoner, and to grant him a free pardon; “and the kind stranger brought me word,” said the poor man, “that the King listened to the words of his Friend, and promised to

have a free pardon drawn out, and sealed, and given to me."

"This is indeed good news," I said; "this may well cheer your heart, poor man."

"But this is not all," said the prisoner; "the King, when he found that I was so ill, promised to send his own Physician, and have me removed into his own infirmary, which is close by. The kind stranger brought me some medicine the same day he brought me the news that my pardon was being got ready;¹³ and I took some of it; and, though it tasted very bitter, and made me feel very ill, and brought me very low, yet he assures me that if I go on with it, it will quite cure me, and make me quite well."

The next time we saw the prisoner he was in the King's infirmary. His chains had been taken off his feet and legs, though he still wore the belt round his body, which he told us he was to wear till the day when he received his pardon signed and sealed:

till then he was not to go without it; ¹⁴ for, as he said, it would continually remind him both of what he had once been, and what he then was, and what he yet hoped to be. It would make him think of his former heavy chains, and be thankful that this was so light; and it would make him long for the day when this last remembrance of his prison should be taken off, and he should be set perfectly free. ¹⁵ When he came into the King's infirmary he found a great many others there, who had once been in prison like himself; for every one of these had had the same disease as himself, though it was very different in its appearance at different times, and required very different medicine, according to the person's constitution and former way of life. The same Physician was appointed to all these; "and what was my surprise," said the prisoner to us, "when I found that the kind stranger who had come into my cell and helped me to write my petition, was no other than the King's own Physician! Sometimes he gave

me medicine that made me feel very low and weak; but he told me it was necessary to give me strong medicine, because my disease had been a long time on me, and had taken great hold on me. Then, when he saw I was very low, he gave me some cheering draught, which raised my spirits again. I am now waiting quietly for my discharge;¹⁶ for he tells me that the same day that I leave the infirmary, I shall have to appear in the King's private court, and go through an examination before the judge."

"Does not the thought of this give you some uneasiness?"

"It does sometimes," said the prisoner, "but then I reason thus with myself. Ought I not to rely on the King's promise? Has he not given me a pledge and sure token that my pardon is safe and ready, in putting me into his infirmary, under the care of his own Physician? Would he have done all this, and taken such pains to make me well, if he had not forgiven me

my crime?¹⁷ When I reason in this way my fears go," said the prisoner, "and I look forward with humble joy and hope to the day when I shall leave this place and appear before the judge."

When we went next to the infirmary, and walked up to the bed where the man used to sleep, we found his place empty. We asked one of the people where he was.

"He is gone," they said. "Yesterday the King's marshal came with an order for him to leave—the man was ready, and went away."

"How did he seem?" we asked. "Did he seem glad or sorry?"

"He was very quiet and calm,—very solemn; for he told us it was a very solemn thing to stand before the judge, and to know that if the law were to be put in force against him, he should be found guilty of death;¹⁸ but he said he had no doubt that the King would keep his word, and that his pardon would be given him by the judge himself."

“ Did you hear who was to be his judge?”

“ Yes, we have heard,” they said, “ the same person is to try him who took his petition to the King ; and that person is the King’s only Son :¹⁹ and we hear that he is not only to receive his pardon, but to be taken into the King’s palace, and be close to his own throne.”

When I heard all this, I said, “ This is mercy, indeed.”

NOTES.

¹ Ps. cvii. 10, 11.—Such as sit in darkness and in the shadow of death, being bound in affliction and in iron, because they rebelled against the words of the Lord, and contemned the counsel of the Most High.

² Ezek. xviii. 4.—The soul that sinneth, it shall die.

³ Job, xxv. 4.—How then can man be justified with God?

⁴ Isa. i. 5.—The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint: from the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it.

⁵ Job, ix. 32, 33.—Neither is there any days-man betwixt us, that might lay his hand upon us both.

⁶ 2 Cor. v. 10.—We must all stand before the judgment-seat of Christ.

⁷ Gal. iii. 23.—Before faith came, we were kept under the law, shut up under the faith which should afterwards be revealed.

⁸ John, xvi. 8.—And when he (the Comforter) is come, he will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment.

⁹ 2 Cor. vii. 10.—Godly sorrow worketh repentance unto salvation not to be repented of.

¹⁰ Rom. viii. 26.—Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought.

¹¹ John, xvi. 23.—Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you.

¹² Rev. viii. 3.—And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayer of all saints upon the golden altar which was before the throne.

¹³ Ps. ciii. 3.—Who forgiveth all thine iniquities: who healeth all thy diseases.

¹⁴ Rom. viii. 21.—Because the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

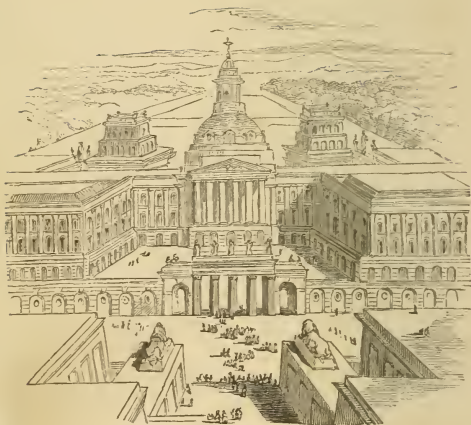
¹⁵ Rom. viii. 23.—Waiting for the adoption, to wit (that is) the redemption of the body.

¹⁶ Job, xiv. 14.—All the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come.

¹⁷ Phil. i. 6.—Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.

¹⁸ Ps. cxliii. 2.—Enter not into judgment with thy servant; for in thy sight shall no man living be justified.

¹⁹ John, v. 22.—For the Father judgeth no man, but hath committed all judgment unto the Son.



"It was built by the King himself."

Page 53

THE KING'S PALACE.

THERE stood in a certain city a large building, which had once been very beautiful, and which still had marks of what it had been. It was built by the King himself, and when he had finished it he put several of his servants in to take care of it, and very often used to visit it himself, and lodged in it, and took pleasure in seeing the order and the beauty of everything in the house ;¹ the windows were as clear as crystal, and the light streamed in through them, making every part of the house light, so that there was not a corner of it dark.² The country in which this palace was built was a lovely country,—there were no storms nor sudden tempests, as in many other parts of the world—the winds blew softly across the plains, and over the hills, covered with

wood, which stood round about the house. There were at that time no bad people living near—though some used to pass by the palace, and look at it, and wish they could get in; but the porter was always on the watch, and none of those bad people ever attempted to get in, though they wished to do so, if they could have done it; for these bad people, like all such persons, disliked the King and his government; it was too strict for them,—they envied him his power,—and they would have been glad of an opportunity of making mischief, if they could have done it.

There was one room in the house which was set apart for pictures. This room was very large, the walls were of pure white, and when the house was first built it was empty,—but before the house had been finished a day, several beautiful pictures were put up in this room; some of them were pictures of flowers, some of trees, some of happy thoughts, which were painted so to the life, that when a person looked at

them they seemed as if thinking the thought over again. Then there was another room lined with looking-glass, which showed the least damp, if there had been any in the house; but it was so dry and free from any damp, that from the day it was built there never had been seen the least stain or dimness on that beautiful bright glass. Every room smelt as sweet as a bed of roses, for the servants were always burning sweet incense in them, and as you passed by you might have heard songs and joyful music sounding within; and even at night, when the windows were shut and the doors closed, the inside of the house was light, for there was a bright candle which never went out, always burning, so that it was never dark there. The outside of this palace was as beautiful as the inside. No one could look at it without saying, "This must be a King's house," for it was built after a model of the King's own making,³ and his Son had overlooked the building, and when it was finished the King saw it, and was pleased with it,

and though he had a great many beautiful palaces, yet there was not one which he loved more, or in which his Son took a greater interest than in this.⁴

This beautiful palace, however, did not always remain so. One of those bad people who were often lurking about the place, contrived to throw the porter off his guard one day, and sent him on an errand which he could not perform, only that he might get inside the house. And the moment he had got in, he let in others of his bad companions who were waiting near, and they began directly to do all the mischief they could. They first went to the looking-glass room and pulled the glass away from the walls, and scraped off as much of the silver as they could, so that there were only patches of glass in which you could see anything reflected, though what they left and were not able to spoil was enough to show the damp which began to rise in the house;⁵ for they threw the doors and windows open, and the damp night air soon stained the walls, and

made the gold upon them become dim; and a great many birds, that these wicked men carried with them, were let loose to fly about the rooms, and they soon turned the house into a foul bird-cage, and made the rooms too dirty to be lived in by any cleanly person.⁶ These men also pulled down the beautiful pictures from the picture-room, and began to hang up very different things, and scrawled upon the walls, and seemed to have no wish but to do as much harm as they could in as short a time, and change the house so as to make it as much unlike what it was before as was possible. The bright crystal windows they darkened; they put out the golden pots of incense, and the light which burnt all the day and night; they did all they could to take out the King's name and arms which were put up in every room,—but the arms were so firmly fastened in the walls, and the name cut so deep in the stone, that finding they must pull the house down if they wished to take them quite away, they contented themselves with

cutting them about, and defacing them, and painting over the letters, and taking away every mark which could show to whom it had belonged. The servants whom the King had left in the palace, some through fear and some through unfaithfulness, did nothing to resist these wicked and mischievous men, and in a little time everything was so changed in that once beautiful dwelling, that you would have thought it had been a den of thieves instead of a King's palace; both inside and outside were so entirely altered; everything looked cheerless and gloomy—there were no songs heard there, such as might have been heard before, when it belonged to the King,—but noisy merriment, which often ended in quarrelling; for though these men all agreed in hating the King and spoiling his palace, they could not agree among themselves, but often quarrelled and strove together.⁷ Sometimes one had the upper hand and took the largest room to himself—and sometimes another.

There used to hang in the looking-glass

room a copy of the King's laws, which he wrote with his own hand, and put up there for the government of every servant in his palace. There was nothing which any of his servants either should do or should not do, either to him or to their fellow-servants, which those rules did not plainly show. And the golden letters in which they were written were so large and plain that any one might read them even as he walked or ran through the room. Directly these wicked men had got into the house they began to cut and scrape and hack this writing, and at last they left only a letter here and a letter there, though any one, by putting them together and trying to see what must have been cut out, might have guessed at some parts of the writing. Such was the state to which this once beautiful house was brought in a short time by this person, who hated the King, getting in himself and bringing in others like him and corrupting the servants.

But the King, when he heard this, was

grieved that his palace should be thus destroyed: and though he did not want it (for he had a great many more, and he could have built himself others far more beautiful than this), yet he loved this palace very much—for he had often lodged in it and visited it, and he made up his mind to cast out the people who had got into it, and go and live in it himself, when it should be made fit for him to inhabit. So one day, when the people in the house little expected such a thing (though they always kept the door as fast shut as it used to be in the King's time, for fear lest any of his servants should come in),—one day, I say, when the door was fast shut there was a loud knock heard—and then another and another.⁸ And when they looked out, they saw a man at the gate who said he came from the King;—that he had a paper from the King to give them notice to quit. They said they should not go till they were forced to go—that they liked their quarters very well, and should keep them as long as they could.⁸

When the King's servant had received this answer he went away, and the men set to work to fasten up the windows and side-doors. While they were going about doing this, they were surprised at the brightness of the silver which they had not been able to scrape off the glass in the looking-glass room; they had never been able to see themselves so plainly, and the damp that had dimmed them seemed to be gone off in a way they could not account for. The next day a louder knock was heard at the outer gate, and when they looked out they saw several of the King's servants; these bade them open the door, which they refused to do, and said, "We will not go out till you force us." When the King's servants saw that the men were resolved to resist, they went a little way from the house to a person who seemed to have come to direct them how to act. He spoke to them, and they returned to the gate, and began battering it with heavy iron hammers till the gate seemed to quiver again—the bolts started—

the iron nails fastened in the door began to work as if they would drop out—the splinters of wood began to fly off—the hinges began to give way, and at last the great door fell with a heavy crash. When the King's servants had thus gained an entrance, they found that the men had fled to the inner part of the house, and had made themselves as secure as they could in the different rooms. They had hard work to drive them out of these. The first they came to, on going into the house, was the one who was the chief for that time. The King's servants set themselves to get him out first; he however knew every winding stair in the house, and no sooner was he driven out from one part, and the room seemed clear, than he went round some winding staircase, and while they were following hard after him he was in his old place again; and so it was with all the rest—it was a long time before they were cast out.

However, at last the house was clear,—the door fastened on them, and the servants

began to cleanse the house. This was not to be done in a minute, but took a long time. They began first with the inside,—they took off the paint, with which they had covered the windows, that the clear light might once more shine into the rooms; they put fresh silver on the looking-glass room, so that when it was done the glass showed the damp as clear as before; they took down the bad pictures from the picture-room and cleansed its walls thoroughly;⁹ they wrote the writing afresh which the King had put up against the walls, and fresh gilded the arms and name;¹⁰ they lighted the incense and made the rooms smell sweet again. But for all they could do, the things which the bad men had written would often show here and there through the paint; and they were much surprised to find very often a bad picture hung up in the picture-room among the good ones which they had hung up. They could not tell how this could be, for the porter said he had not let any one in that he knew of—the servants

said they had not opened the doors of the rooms to any one; but it was at last found out that these bad men had hollowed out passages in the thick walls, and that they had come out through secret doors into the rooms, and were determined still to do all the mischief they could, and if they could not come back to *live* in the house, they would still *lurk* in it. They were so cunning, and knew the ways of the house so well, and were so acquainted with every secret passage in the whole building, that no sooner was one door, by which they had come out and done mischief, stopped up, than they slipped out by another.

So the King's servants told him all this, and that they had cleaned the house as much as they could, but that it was so hollowed out by the men who had lived in it, and the walls had become so thoroughly filthy that they could not be cleaned, that coat after coat of paint was laid on them, and still the damp came through and stained the looking-glass for a while, and then blotted

the walls, and that, notwithstanding all they had done, the bad things written on the walls still showed here and there.¹¹

They told him, too, that the incense would sometimes scarcely light, and often nearly go out, and that they could not keep the birds out which had got in and made their nests in the roof among the rafters, and flew about, knocking off the gold and silver and injuring the furniture.

When the King heard this he gave orders that the house should be pulled down, and built quite new again from the ground.— This therefore was done. The beautiful looking-glass was first carefully packed up and removed; the pictures and the golden censers were also taken out; and everything which the King had furnished out of his own stores for the adorning of the building when it was first built, was removed and carried away and laid up in safety in a great store-house, where he kept such things.— The house was then very quickly pulled down,—so quickly, that even the birds that

were asleep among the rafters were crushed by the sudden fall. Every stone of the palace was separated from the next stone, so that scarcely two hung together—and there it was left—and there it is to this day.

It is believed that the King means to rebuild it, but in a far more glorious way than even when he first built it, though on the same or a like plan; some rooms are to be left out which were in the first house, and it is to be made exactly like his Only Son's glorious palace; and whenever it is rebuilt he means to live in it himself—not lodge in it only, but live in it and dwell there.

NOTES.

¹ Eccles. vii. 29.—God hath made man upright.

² Matt. vi. 22.—The light of the body is the eye ; if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body is full of light.

³ Gen. i. 26.—Let us make man after our image, after our likeness.

⁴ Prov. viii. 30, 31.—Then I (Wisdom) was by him as one brought up with him, and I was daily his delight, rejoicing always before him, rejoicing in the habitable part of his earth, and my delights were with the sons of men.

⁵ Rom. ii. 15.—Which show the work of the law written in their hearts : their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.

⁶ Gal. v. 19.—The works of the flesh are manifest, which are these, &c.

⁷ Titus, iii. 3.—For we ourselves also were sometimes (once) foolish, disobedient, serving divers lusts and pleasures, living in malice and envy, hateful and hating one another.

⁸ Luke, xi. 21, 22.—When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace : but when a stronger than he shall come upon him and overcome him, he taketh away all his armour wherein he trusted, and divideth the spoils.

⁹ Isa. iv. 14.—Wash thine heart from thy wickedness,

that thou mayest be saved. How long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?

¹⁰ After those days, saith the Lord, I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts, and I will be their God and they shall be my people.

¹¹ 1 Cor. iv. 4.—I know nothing by myself (I know of no wilful sin allowed in myself); yet am I not hereby justified.

THE SHIPWRECK.

It was a beautiful day—the dark, deep blue of the sky had scarcely a single cloud to speck it,—the bright sun shone upon the broad open sea; and as one long line of wave rose and plunged on the shore after another, a sheet of white foam broke upon the pebbles that lined the beach, and made them glitter in the sunshine, as if they had been so many round jewels. There was to be a ship-launch—a beautiful ship, which the Builder had taken the greatest pains to frame and put together, so as to be quite a model and pattern of beauty, was to be sent afloat upon the wide waters. The Owner of the ship had fitted it up with everything which would be wanted; and, when at last it was finished—when the Builder had done everything

he wished to do about it, and it was quite ready, it was launched into the sea. The friends of the Owner and the Builder, who were standing by to see the sight, shouted,¹ and the beautiful ship swam upon the waters, as proudly and lightly as a swan. The Owner of the ship, and the Builder, then looked over it, and saw that everything in and about it was perfectly to their mind.²

The next thing was to put a captain in her.³ They had stored her with everything for a voyage directly she was afloat and finished. They put plenty of all kind of provisions on board—plenty of fine fresh sweet water, and live stock, and abundance of green food, and store of fruits for the captain and his crew. When they had quite stocked the ship they put the captain in her. Strange to say, he was one that had never been at sea before; but you will not think it strange when I tell you that the Owner provided him with a most curious chart, in which every place that he might ever sail to was so plainly marked

down, that if he only looked to the chart, he would know at once where he was, and which way he was to steer his ship. They also gave him a compass, which, with the chart, would almost secure him from running on any danger while he kept a good look-out, and minded both his chart and compass.

The Owner gave him careful instructions too about his voyage. He told him that he might sail without any fear about the sea, for that there were no sunken rocks to fear; and that the winds that were blowing and filling his sails were all favourable, and would continue favourable, as they had set in. He told them there was one great rocky island which he must beware of. "It is surrounded," said the Owner,⁴ "by a dangerous reef of coral rock, the edges of which are so sharp and hard, that if your ship once touches them, they would cut through copper, planks, and beams, and the ship would be lost. Do not think there is no danger, because you *see* none—the sea

may be smooth, but do not trust to its smoothness—stand off from that rocky island—do not go near to it—if you were once to let your vessel approach towards it, there are eddies and currents that would bear you and your ship nearer and nearer till it strikes, and all is lost. Remember what I have told you—look to your chart continually—mind your compass, and then your voyage will be a happy and safe one, and all will be well.”

So the captain went on board, and his mate⁵ with him, and his crew and a great many passengers, for it was a very large ship. It was beautiful to see its sails, as white as the driven snow, swelling out with the gentle wind that was blowing from the land,—to see its white flag, on which was a king’s crown worked in gold colour, waving in the breeze: and, when the anchors were taken up, and the ship began to move through the dark green sea, the foam was driven from its bows and cut-water: and as the waves broke against it

a shower of glittering sprinkles fell, like so many pearls, upon the clean decks.

The ship went on,—and all was right. The captain was continually looking to his chart, and steering by his compass; and, though they often got sight of the dangerous island, they never went near it; and the currents and eddies which were always running towards the island, drawing everything nearer that should once come within the current, had no power over the ship. They kept so good a look-out that they never once went near enough even to see the island clearly.

But one day when the captain was in another part of the ship, and the mate was on deck, a strange man was seen in a little boat; and his little boat, that rode like a cork upon the waters, came swiftly towards the ship. They had often seen the boat before during the voyage, and had been always pleased at its lightness and swiftness, and the clever way in which it was managed; but the man that was in the boat this day

was a stranger to them.⁶ The boat soon came up to the ship, and the man in the boat stood up, and seeing the mate on deck, said,

“ So I hear say that you are not allowed to sail where you like ? ”⁷

“ You are mistaken,” said the mate, “ we *are* allowed to sail where we like; for we like to sail where our Owner has told us to sail: but we are not allowed to sail to the dangerous rocky island—we are not even allowed to go near it, lest the ship should be wrecked.”⁸

“ Oh,” said the man, “ there is no danger of your being wrecked; you would not certainly be wrecked if you went there—that island is such a beautiful place that your Owner does not wish you to land there and see it, but wishes to keep it all to himself.”⁹ While he was speaking this to the mate the island hove in sight (for the ship was sailing fast); and as the sun shone upon it at a distance, it looked so beautiful that the mate could not help turn-

ing towards it. "There!" said the man, "see, even at this distance, how beautiful it looks—it is indeed, even to look at, the most beautiful island in the world: but if you were once landed on it you would so enjoy it; it is full of strange fruits, such as you never saw before. Would you not like now to go there, and see what your Owner has thus kept out of your sight, and kept all to himself, and know as much about it all as he does?"

"I should,"¹⁰ said the mate; for it began to seem very hard that the owner should have been so anxious to keep them from going to so beautiful an island. "I should very much like to see it; and see, as we get nearer to it, it looks more and more beautiful. I can see some of the tall hills, and the forests of wood, like a fringe along the sides. I think I shall steer the ship there."

By this time the beautiful ship had got within the current, and was hurrying faster and faster every minute towards the shore—the currents were very strong, and sucked

it along so fast, that the mate did not know how fast the ship was being hurried forward. The mate's eyes were fastened on the dangerous island ; and nothing was thought of but the pleasure of seeing the forbidden place, and tasting its strange fruits, and knowing all about it.

While the mate was thus employed, the captain came on deck, and saw in a moment whither the ship was going. He went up to the mate, who was his companion and great friend ; and, though he knew all the time that he was disobeying his Owner's plain directions, and saw that the ship was getting close to the place to which his kind and good Owner, who had intrusted the ship and all its crew and passengers to his care, had strictly warned him not even to go near, he still suffered himself to be persuaded by his mate,¹¹ when he heard about the beauty of the island, and the reason why they were told not to go near it ; and though he might have turned the helm, and *perhaps* saved himself, and his crew,

he still kept the ship's head in the same course in which the mate had set it. The currents ran stronger and stronger, the nearer they got to the shore; and in a few minutes a sharp coral rock cut through the bottom, divided the planks and beams, as if a razor had cut through them—the water burst in at the rent, and the ship broke up. The whole of the crew and passengers were thrown into the sea. To add to their horror, the sky became covered with clouds, so quickly that it seemed as if night had suddenly come on. The sun was quite hidden—the howling winds made the waters rage and swell, and dash with fury upon the rocks; and, instead of a calm sea, and a cloudless sky, and a happy voyage, and a beautiful ship, they had nothing before them but misery and drowning.

But they were not drowned—some were floated to the shore on pieces of the wreck, and some were washed on shore by the waves; but so it came to pass, that the captain and his crew all reached the shore

of the dangerous island. Cold, shivering, naked, miserable, as they were, they soon found that this was not the worst—they were hardly landed when a troop of robbers, that lived on the island (which was very large), came down upon them. They seized them all—put heavy chains upon them, not even sparing the little children and women,¹² and marched them off that same night to a prison, into which they threw them all; and what was the poor mate's surprise as he caught a sight of the Chief of the Robbers, while he was holding a torch to light himself along, to find that it was the very same false one who had slandered the Owner of the ship, and persuaded them to steer towards the dangerous island, by promising them so much pleasure and good! They found that the Owner *had* known what kind of place this was, and had told them truly.

So they were all put into prison—they were allowed food enough, but they could not eat it with that glad and cheerful heart



"They hung down their heads."

Page 79.

with which they had enjoyed their food while on their voyage. Their chains, too, galled their limbs, and the iron entered into their very soul.

In the middle of the next day they were surprised at hearing a loud knock at their prison-door; and they heard some one speaking whose voice was well known to them—and well known it must have been, for it was the Builder of the ship. The captain and his mate were ashamed to see him—they hung down their heads, and got into the darkest corner of the room, and tried to hide themselves from him.¹³ In a minute the door was opened, and he came in. His quick eye soon found out the captain and mate, and he called them to him.

“How is it that you are here?” he said.

“The mate persuaded me,” said the trembling captain, trying to excuse himself—“the mate whom you put on board my ship, as my companion and helper,

persuaded me to steer the ship this way, and I did it.”¹⁴

“And why did you do so?” said the other to the mate.

“That false man in the pilot-boat deceived me, and I was deceived.”¹⁵

“You have all done very grievous wrong; and if you were dealt with as you are worthy to be dealt with, you would be left here to chains and death: but some one will be sent to redeem you from prison;¹⁶ and I am come to promise you this in the name of your kind Owner and Master; and you must wait patiently till this Person comes, who will pay the ransom for every one of you.” So saying he left them.

The tidings he had brought cheered the poor shipwrecked prisoners very much indeed, at least those who believed what had been told them; for a great many did not believe a word. The captain and the mate were both comforted, though they both began to think then how guilty they had been, and how much misery they had

brought on the whole ship's crew by their wilfulness: but the kindness and love of their Master left them without excuse—they no longer tried to justify themselves, as they had done at first, but condemned themselves for having disobeyed the plain directions given to them when the ship was launched for the voyage.

Those who did not believe what the Friend had come to promise them, were very loud in blaming both the Owner for sending them with such a captain, and the captain for having brought them into so much trouble. It was no wonder that these should feel very miserable, because the hope of deliverance and liberty, which cheered the others, could not cheer them, for they did not believe they ever should be ransomed. The captain's eldest son was one of the worst of these. He had a perfect hatred to the Owner of the ship, and little love for his father, or indeed any one but himself. He mocked at all who were comforting themselves with the hope of being one

day set free ; and, while he would not believe the promise of deliverance *himself*, he envied and hated those who did ;¹⁷ and so indeed did all who had been there and had heard the promise made, but did not believe it. The people who were in the other parts of the great prison did not all hear of the coming of the Friend ; some of them, indeed, heard a kind of half report of it, but knew nothing clearly about it.

A long, long time passed, and yet no one came to redeem the poor shipwrecked prisoners. The Friend visited them from time to time, and renewed the promise in the name of the Owner ; and every time he came he spoke more plainly about it. Sometimes he *wrote* to some of the prisoners (for he knew them all), and they read their letter to the rest ; and in some of the letters the name of the person who was to come was written, and in others it was said who he was, and what kind of person he was, and what he would do, and a great many other particulars. All this

kept up the hopes of those who really believed that the Owner of the ship meant that they should be redeemed.

At last the Person came. A great many of the prisoners had not been contented to wait and see how and when their Deliverer should come, but had laid it down that he ought to be such and such a kind of person—that he ought to come with great state and pomp, like a king—and so on.

One day a person came into the prison, and said that he had come to pay their ransom. These people looked at him, and despised him in their heart, and said, “*He* could not be their deliverer, for he had not come at all as they knew he would come; that he was too poor-looking a man to be able to pay for them;” and so they despised him in their hearts. He *was* a poor man in his outward look; he was not dressed in any fine or beautiful clothes;¹⁸ he came alone too; he was very gentle and kind in his manner and way of speaking;¹⁹ and his looks showed that he was very sorry

for their trouble. He stopped with them in the prison for some time. Though the keeper of the prison could not have made him to do so, yet he shared of his own accord every hardship which the prisoners underwent.²⁰ He showed, almost as soon as he had come to them, that he was sent to deliver them; he showed them letters from the Owner, their Master, written with his own hand, and sealed with his own seal;²¹ and these letters he allowed every one of them that wished to read. Many read them: but those who had refused to believe that he *was* the person sent, though they read the letters, said they were forgeries; that he had got some one to copy the hand-writing and the seal, and that they were not to be depended on.²² These men treated him not only with no respect, but with the greatest unkindness; and though he bore it all most meekly, and never answered their bad language and hard speeches,²³ yet they went on the more for that; and all the comfort he found was

with the few that had looked forward to his coming, who had believed the promise, and now rejoiced when they saw the letters of their Master. This kind friend also thought what a joy it would be to him to deliver these poor captives, to take off their chains, and bring them back clothed and happy to the land from which they had sailed; and the thought of doing this cheered him all the while he was in the prison.^{c4}

At last the day came which had been appointed for paying the ransom, and the keeper of the prison was very busy, and being very unwilling to part with his prisoners, did all he could with his servants to annoy and vex and harass the man, and make him change his mind. They told him he never could have enough to redeem so many with; that it would be better to let it alone and leave them: but he had come to deliver them, and he would not go back whence he came without having done it. They all saw him go out, and he told

them before he went out what he was going to do, and promised that when he had paid the ransom to the last farthing, he would come back to them : and so he left them.

He was three days gone, and many of them began to fear that they had hoped in vain, and to no purpose.²⁵ But early on the third day he returned, and the moment they saw him they knew that he must have paid the ransom ;²⁶ and it was so. The jailor came and set the doors of the prison open, though he did it surlily, and against his will, and every one had free leave to go out. But strange to tell, the men who had refused to believe the promise that they *should* be delivered, had treated the deliverer with such unkindness when he came, refused (at least many of them) to go out of their prison ; they said, “ they were quite satisfied where they were ; they liked the darkness better than the sickening light of the day ; and they had become so used to their chains that they would not leave the prison.” And the jailor promised that if

they stayed with him they should be well fed and well kept; they were contented and stopped there.

As for the others, they left the prison; and the air smelt so fresh, after the close dampness of the prison, that it seemed to fill them with new life. By little and little the grey streak in the east grew broader and brighter, the grey changed into bright white, and the white into orange, and the orange into a blaze of glory as the sun rose above the hills. The poor prisoners had heard, as they walked along, the howling of wild beasts near them, which made their hearts sink with fear; but as the day rose, these fierce creatures gat them away together, and lay down in their dens; and even before the day, whilst it was yet dark, no ravenous beast actually came across the road in which they were walking, and they did not feel so afraid as they would have felt by themselves, because He, their Friend and Deliverer, was with them.²⁷ But he left them soon, though he did not leave them

without a guide. He told them to wait at a certain place by the way till his guide should come. They waited accordingly for him, and in a little while he came. Their Friend, before he left, told them that it was for their good he was going away;²⁸ “he was then returning home,” he said, “to make everything ready for receiving them back,”²⁹ and he promised to come and meet them when they reached the sea, and be with them when they got on board the ship which he would send to carry them across.³⁰ He earnestly charged them to keep close to their Guide, and not leave him for a minute,³¹ and assured them that if they did so that Guide would undertake to bring them all safe to the shore.³²

NOTES.

¹ Job, xxxviii. 4, 5, 7.—Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? who laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who hath stretched the line upon it?—When the morning-stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?

² Gen. i. 25.—And God saw that it was good.

³ Gen. i. 26.—And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth.

⁴ Gen. ii. 17.—But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

⁵ Gen. ii. 18.—And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him an help meet for him.

⁶ Gen. iii. 1.—Now the serpent was more subtle than any beast of the field, which the Lord God had made.

⁷ Gen. iii. 1.—And he said unto the woman, Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden?

⁸ Gen. iii. 2, 3.—And the woman said unto the serpent, We may eat of the fruit of the trees of the gar-

den ; but of the fruit of the tree which is in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shall not eat of it, neither shall ye touch it, lest ye die.

⁹ Gen. iii. 4, 5.—And the serpent said unto the woman, Ye shall not surely die ; for God doth know that in the day ye eat thereof your eyes shall be opened, and ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil.

¹⁰ Gen. iii. 6.—And when the woman saw that the tree was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her, and he did eat.

¹¹ 1 Tim. ii. 14.—And Adam was not deceived : but the woman being deceived was in the transgression.

¹² Rom. v. 18.—Therefore, by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men to condemnation.

¹³ Gen. iii. 8.—And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden, in the cool of the day : and Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God, among the trees of the garden.

¹⁴ Gen. iii. 12.—And the man said, The woman whom thou gavest to be with me, she gave me of the tree, and I did eat.

¹⁵ Gen. iii. 13.—And the Lord God said unto the woman, What is this that thou hast done ? And the woman said, The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat.

¹⁶ Gen. iii. 15.—I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed—it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.

¹⁷ Gen. iv. 5.—And Cain was very wroth, and his

countenance fell. 1 John, iii. 13.—Marvel not, my brethren, if the world hate you.

¹⁸ Isa. liii. 2, 3.—He hath no form nor comeliness, and when we shall see him there is no beauty that we should desire him.—He is despised and rejected of men.

¹⁹ Matt. xi. 29.—Learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.

²⁰ Heb. ii. 17.—Wherefore in all things it behoved him to be made like unto his brethren.

²¹ Acts, ii. 22.—Jesus of Nazareth, a man approved of God among you by miracles and wonders and signs, which God did by him in the midst of you.

²² Matt. ix. 34.—He casteth out devils by the prince of devils.

²³ Isa. xlii. 2, and Matt. xii. 19.—He shall not strive nor cry, neither shall any man hear his voice in the streets.

²⁴ Heb. xii. 2.—Who for the joy that was set before him endured the cross, despising the shame.

²⁵ Luke, xxiv. 21.—But we trusted that it had been he which should have redeemed Israel; and besides all this, to-day is the third day since these things were done.

²⁶ Rom. iv. 25.—Who was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification.

²⁷ Isaiah, xxxv. 8, 9.—And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those [for He shall be with them]—the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein. No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it

shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.

²⁸ John, xvi. 7.—Nevertheless I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away: for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send him unto you.

²⁹ John, xiv. 2.—In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.

³⁰ Ps. xxiii. 4.—Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

³¹ 1 John, ii. 28.—And now, little children, abide in him.

³² 1 John, ii. 27.—But the anointing which ye have received of him abideth in you.

THE RACE.

THERE was a certain King who ruled over many different kingdoms.¹ His palace, which was a most glorious one, was in the chief place of his chief kingdom. There the happy people, who were his subjects and servants, continually beheld his glory; though it was so great and dazzling that they were obliged to put their wings before their eyes when they went near it; a bright and glorious light, always streaming from the King's throne, made them stand in no need of any other light—it was always far lighter there than in the brightest noonday—indeed there was no night there. This light, that streamed from the throne of the King, shot through the windows of the palace, and through the walls, which were of gold, yet, strange to tell, could be seen

through as if they had been glass; it made the streets of the city, which were like the walls of the palace, glitter and shine like a golden sea, and lighted up the gates of the city, which were each made of one pearl, and the walls of the city, which were of precious stones; and then travelling on many million times faster than the swift sunbeams, made even the furthest corner of that happy kingdom lighter than ours is in the brightest noonday.

The people of that kingdom were all happy; they loved their King with a perfect love, and they all loved one another. They all had golden harps, on which they played the sweetest music, and sang hymns of praise in honour of their beloved King. Those golden harps were never known to be out of tune; and though each one played and sung what came into his mind, there was no discord: it seemed as if there was one mind in all these happy millions; and when they played it was as if one hand was playing all their harps, and one voice sing-

ing in all their voices, though the sound of their singing was like the sound of many waters.

Some of these were much higher in rank than the rest, and these chief ones were always standing nearest to the King's throne. But they were so humble, and they loved their King so much, that they had no will of their own. If he told the very highest of his servants, who stood the nearest to his glorious throne, to fly to some place in one of his other many kingdoms, it made no difference to the servant what he was bidden to do;² it was quite enough for him that his King told him to do it. Sometimes the King would send him to help some one that loved him, to conquer his enemies, and to cover his head from the arrows in battle; sometimes he would send him to watch by the cradle of a little dying baby, and to carry its soul into the happy paradise: the King's servant was as glad to fly to help the sick baby as the great soldier. They were never tired of either praising their King or

of doing what he told them: they never knew what it was to be weary as we are: they never wanted to sleep, for it was always day: they were never idle, but always busy and always happy; for the light that poured from the throne filled every heart with joy unspeakable, and made them sing for joy, just as the light of the sun makes the birds rejoice among us. Such was that happy kingdom.

But there was one among the many kingdoms, which that Great King ruled over, where they were *not* happy. The people there had refused to do what the King told them, and had said, "We will not have this King to rule over us." They had been persuaded to do this by a wicked one, who had once lived in the Great King's own kingdom, and had stood very near his throne. But he became proud—(it is not known why or how)—he made many of the other happy people discontented and proud like himself, and the Son of the King drove them all out of his happy kingdom.³ But this wicked

rebel could not rest without doing mischief; so he went among the people of that other country and stirred them up against their King, persuading them that they would not be the worse if they disobeyed, that they would have their liberty, and do what they liked, which they would find very pleasant, and that it was not at all certain they would be punished for it.⁴ They were foolish enough to listen to these wicked falsehoods, and they suffered for doing so. From that hour they were never at peace; there was something within them that told them they had done wrong, and they could not rest. They were always quarrelling with one another; and the Great King *did* punish them directly (as he had *said* he should) by sending sickness, and pain, and at last death upon them. What a difference between this sad place and the other happy kingdom!

But the Great King was very sorry for these poor misguided people! He did not wish to throw them into the same dreadful prison which he had prepared for the Great

Rebel and his companions. He had said indeed that they should die (and he could not break his word); but as he wished, after their bodies were dead, to take their spirits to live in his own happy kingdom, he sent his own Son from his palace to tell them what he wished to do for them, and what they must do.

So the Son of the great King put off the glittering dress which he wore at home, for it would have been too bright for them to look at: indeed, when once or twice he put it on, only for a few minutes, to show some of those he loved the best what kind of a dress it was, it was almost more than they could bear. One was struck blind for three days after looking at it,⁵ and another almost lost his recollection through the excessive brightness of that glorious dress.⁶ The King's Son, having come among the poor rebels, told them his kind errand; he said, "that his father was very sorry for their unhappy condition, and loved them very much notwithstanding their rebellion:

that he was willing to forgive them for all that was past, and take them after they should die into his own happy kingdom; but that, in order to obtain this great blessing they must run for a prize, which he should give; and that every one who should get the prize should have a right to wear it in the happy kingdom; should become one of his own servants there, and be made equal to those other happy servants of his, who were always near his throne, and rejoicing in the light of his favour."

The King's Son did more than this, he showed them himself *how* they were to run: he went through the exercises which were necessary to prepare them for the race: he told them that his Father had appointed *him* to be the judge of the race, to give away the crowns; and that he might know all the difficulties of the race, so as to feel for those who were to run, the King's Son himself ran a course by himself,⁷ and then went away to a place from which he could see and watch the runners.

After this, messengers were sent by him into almost all parts of the country to publish these glad tidings, and to give notice of the race that was to be run. Many of the rebellious people took no account whatever of the news, but went on just as before. Some said, "they did not believe that it was true;" others said, "the prize was not worth trying for;" others said, "why should not they get it without running for it at all?" so that a very great number indeed took no pains to get ready for running the race. Still a great many did.

The Prince's messengers gave to every one who wished to try for the prize a paper of directions. This paper they told them to read and consider carefully, because their getting the prize would very much depend on the attention they should have paid to the Prince's rules. The people who had believed, without any doubt, the tidings brought them by the Prince's messengers, took the paper of directions with thankful

ness, and began to read it at once, that they might get ready for the race. They were rejoiced to find that in *this* race it was not to be as in other races ; in which, though there are many who run, only one receives the prize ; in this race (as the Prince told them in the paper) every one who ran well would get the prize.⁸ They were told also, that it would be necessary for them to exercise themselves frequently, to put off all their clothing,⁸ and anoint themselves continually with oil to make their limbs supple and nimble.

The place appointed for the race was a wide plain. Persons from all parts of the country were flocking together to the race. Among them many came there who had *at first* treated the Prince's message as if it had nothing to do with them ; but when they saw others preparing for the race, studying the paper of directions, and exercising themselves in running, these were led to change their minds, to consider the matter, and ask for a paper of directions for

themselves.⁹ Many others came and put down their names in the book of runners, who, though they had received the paper of directions, had not attended to it, and had scarcely read them through.¹⁰ They said they should indeed like to win the crown and go into the happy kingdom, but they thought they were quite able to run without all the trouble that others were taking; it seemed all clear and easy to them, and so they took no pains about preparing, but went on just as if there had been no directions at all given them, and as if they knew more about the matter than either the King who had appointed the race and promised the prize, or the Prince who had come so far and taken so much trouble to tell them what his Father's wishes were.

Many of these were talking together about the race, and they seemed to make quite sure of the prize; they said, "It is not a very long course, my breath is good, and I am a swift runner; I am sure I am more likely to get first to the end than

that poor weak-looking creature¹¹ there, though he has been studying the paper so carefully, and oiling himself every day, and exercising so continually. I shall start just as I am; the clothes I have on are very light, and will not hinder my running, and I see no reason why I should strip myself bare: so I mean to do no such thing, and we shall see whether those who do so will be any the better for doing so."

Another said, "If I were to put off my clothes, I must give up everything that is in them, and I do not wish to do *that*—there are a great many little valuable things I have no mind to part with; there is my money, and some trinkets and other things. I mean, therefore, to follow your example and not give up my clothes."¹²

Another said, "Look at that man there! what is he about? he is putting something on his eyes; it looks like salve—what can he want with that?—he must have weak eyes, I suppose. Let us go and ask him *what* he is doing, and *why*."

So these men went up to the man who was putting something on his eyes, and asked him what he was doing. He said, "I am doing what I was told to do in the paper of directions which the Prince's messenger gave me. I read there that, in order to be able to run the race and see my way clearly, I must get some eye-salve to make my sight strong and clear :¹³ so I went to get some."

"How much did it cost?" said one of the men. "Nothing," answered the other. "I only went to the place where the paper told me that a store of it was kept by a person in the Prince's service. I asked for some in the Prince's name, and the man gave me some directly and said, 'This is given you—you have nothing to pay for it—it is given you by the Prince without money and without price.'"

"Well," said the man who was asking about the salve; "and what good did this eye-salve do to you? I suppose you saw before as well as I do?"

“ I *thought* I saw,” said the other, “ before I put on the salve ; but I now feel that I was, as it were, blind before, though I used, like you, to say I saw clearly enough. I will tell you now what it has done for me. I find, when I am exercising for the race, I can see the ground I am going over quite clearly ; I can see the smallest stone that would throw me down ; I can see whether the ground is smooth or rough, often *before* I get to it, and always *when* I come to it, so as to know how to manage my steps. Once or twice, before I got this eye-salve, I had very nearly lost my life by falling down some of the pits that lay in my way : I was sadly bruised. But now I seem to know when the ground is safe and when it is unsound, and I can run with confidence and steadiness, because I clearly see my way.”

“ You cannot persuade me,” said one of the other men, “ that you see any better than I do. I have looked along the ground on which we are to run, and it all appears

plain enough to me.¹⁴ *I see no roughness, nor the stones that you talk of: and as for pits in a course, who ever heard of them? Let me alone to see a pit by daylight."*

So they went away laughing at the man, who said nothing, but looked as if he was very sorry for them.

The Prince, the King's Son, who was appointed by his Father to give the prizes, was seated at the end of the course, where he could mark everything that was done. Multitudes of the bright people from the King's own country had flown down to witness the race; some of them stood near the Prince's seat, others were to be seen here and there at different parts of the course, and some were watching the persons who were about to run.¹⁵

Those people, who had got the paper of directions from the Prince's messengers, began to get ready. They took off all their clothing,¹⁶ for they were told that it was quite impossible for them to run well without laying aside every weight; they did not

seem to mind losing their own clothing and giving up what was in it; they put it off and did not turn back to look at it as it lay upon the ground, but kept their eyes fixed on that end of the course where the Prince sat. It seemed as if they caught sight of him from time to time, for their eyes sparkled with joy; and the crowns, which hung near him glittering with living light, seemed to them to flash and twinkle like small stars in a clear frosty night, as they looked steadily towards them. But it was strange that, though they seemed to wish to put off everything of their own, there was a very thin kind of scarf, which, according to the custom of the country, they all wore, which many of them seemed quite to overlook.¹⁷ They appeared to think this scarf of no great consequence, and it clung so close to their bodies, and was so thin and light, that they scarcely felt that there was anything on them. Others, however, were anxious to get this quite off. Some *did*, after many hard pulls, get off a

part of it (for it was very strong, though it looked so thin and airy), but in every case there was a *piece* of this thin garment that still clung to them. Some few of those who took off their clothes (though they were very few) kept looking at them wistfully, as if they were loath to give them up. They took out the things which they were going to leave, and seemed inclined (if they could have done so) to take them along with them. It was plain that, though they had taken off their clothing because the paper of directions told them they *must* do so, they did not do it *heartily* as the others did, for these did not even *try* to pull off the thin scarf, but seemed to think that that could not possibly hinder them in running.

And now all was ready. And they began to run—not, as in other races, all together, but when each was ready he set off,—for every one that finished his course safely and reached the end was promised one of those glittering, sparkling crowns. So some started alone—some with one or

two others; but I observed that those who had done all they could to follow the Prince's directions were very glad to see others running though they did not know them, because they had come from a different part from themselves: I saw some even stop to help up one who had slipped. But the others who *would* try to run, though they had altogether refused to get ready, or even to inquire how they *were* to get ready, were continually running foul of one another, jostling and pushing one another; and when one fell over a stone which he did not see, or slipped going down a sudden hill when he thought himself on smooth ground, none of the rest stopped to help him, but cried out, "Well, I thought he would have known better than that;" and so they went on their way.¹⁸

I observed that all those who had been most sure about themselves,¹⁹ before they began running, were the first to fall after they had started. Some of them ran full up against a large stone, and fell over it,

violently bruising themselves. When they rose, they seemed quite angry with the stone, but never seemed to blame themselves for not seeing it. A few of these got up, and after waiting a little while tried to run a little further, till, not seeing something else which happened to lie in their way, they again dashed their feet against it, and then they went no further, but turned and walked back.

I observed that many dark-looking things were hovering about the course, and particularly about those men; and I saw that these great stones were actually dropped in their way. I soon found that those dark and wicked-looking creatures were some of the Great Rebel's company, and that they had gathered together to watch the race, and do all they could to prevent the men from running *at all*; to persuade them that they could run well enough as they were; and when they had *begun* to run, to throw them down and turn them back from the course.²⁰

I marked, too, the other bright and glorious-looking creatures, who had come down from the King's own country—they were closely watching the other runners. I saw that these runners did not run very fast at first. Indeed, those who did were generally the same that had seemed unwilling to leave all their clothes behind, and they soon got tired—their breath was spent—they first slackened their pace—then ran very slowly—then stopped—then sat down—then turned to look back—and then a great many of them went back and took up their clothes, and put them on one by one. I saw that every one of these had on the scarf *quite whole*, having not even tried to take it off. Nothing, however, could look more miserable than they did after they had turned away from the course: the dark, wicked-looking creatures flocked round them and whispered all kinds of horrid things into their ears; the other men jibed and jeered at them—called them fools for their pains; and I was told that, after they

had reached their home again, many of these, to get rid (as they thought) of their misery, threw themselves down from the rocks and were killed.²¹

I now watched the runners. I saw that none of them looked back—their eyes were either straight forward in the direction of the Prince's throne, or fixed on the path in which they were running.²² The scarf which had at first clung closely to their bodies, began to get loose as they ran faster, and, filling with the wind, turned often round their legs, and sorely hindered them; and though only a part of it was left, still even this greatly inconvenienced them. Many a time it drew off their eyes from the ground on which they were going to set their feet, as well as from the Prince's throne and the glittering crowns, so that for a while they saw neither one nor the other. While one of them was trying to fasten up the scarf, I saw one of those wicked ones come near and whisper something in his ear and drop a stone in his

way; but at the same moment one of those glorious winged creatures of the King's country flew like lightning to the place, bore up the runner, who was on the point of dashing his foot against the stone, and drove away the wicked one to a distance.²³

When these men first began to run, it was not very light about the path; and when they were busy about their scarf, trying to fasten it about them, they seemed to lose even that light; but as they went further and further on, and kept their eyes steadily turned towards the Prince's throne, beams of bright light shot along the course, and reached to where they were, lighting up their path, and showing clearly even the smallest stone in their way; and, at the same time, the crowns glittered and sparkled in the light, and they could almost fancy they saw a smile of encouragement on the Prince's face.²⁴

All the runners met with falls in their course. *None* went the whole distance

without falling, and some severely ; but it seemed as if when *these* fell, instead of their fall making them wish to turn back, it made them look more carefully to their feet and more steadily forward. And I observed, that as most of them fell through the scarf's getting twisted round their legs or feet, they generally stopped after their fall, and made fresh endeavours to pull it off, though none of them could pull it off entirely.

There was one runner who had received his paper of directions from one of the Prince's messengers, and had afterwards seen the Prince himself. This man seemed a quick and earnest man. While exercising himself he met with several slight falls, through over-eagerness and want of looking sufficiently to his steps ; and once got such a fall, that he might never have recovered from it had it not been for the Prince's particular kindness. He had been warned that he would have to pass through some snares, laid by the wicked ones in a par-

ticular part of the course, through which they knew he would run. But he had such confidence in himself, and thought he had practised so well that he need not fear. However, when he came to the first snare, which was very craftily laid, and took him quite by surprise, he was suddenly thrown on the ground, and was bruised before he knew where he was.²⁵ He got up and went on a very little way, still trusting his own eye-sight, and not giving one look towards the Prince, and he was again thrown down with violence. He got up angry and vexed, but still not convinced of his rashness, and was again flung down with *such* violence by a strong net which caught his feet, that for a little while he lay for dead; indeed, some of the wicked ones thought him dead, and thought they had put an end to *his* running; but just at that moment a bright ray of light shot along the course from the Prince's seat;²⁶ the poor runner raised his head, and by the light could see the Prince looking at him with so much

tender pity and kindness and love, that he got up, bruised indeed, and sadly hurt, but still alive: he wept with sorrow and joy; and during the rest of his course, excepting only once,²⁷ ran steadily, and with his face looking straight forward. I saw that those bright and glorious creatures, who were watching to help these runners, seemed as anxious about them as if they were themselves running for the crown: when any of them fell they looked sad; when, though sometimes sorely bruised and limping for a while, they rose and went on again, the glorious creatures shook their golden wings, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

I was able to see quite to the end of the course, and saw several of the runners reach the end. As they came nearer to the crown, I observed how they ran more steadily than ever, though they had often to pass through a little crowd of those wicked ones, who gathered towards the end, and *now* did all they could to push the runners down, as

they had tried, with all their might, *at first* to pull them back when they had just started. But all their endeavours were in vain; the bright and glorious creatures drove away the wicked ones, so that very few got any harm or fall; they seemed by their looks as if they could see the Prince, and there was a light shining on their countenance from the place where the Prince sat, which made them look quite dazzling; it seemed, too, as if, when they got *very* near, they could also see those glorious creatures who were about them. I saw one runner who had come within a very short distance of the Prince's seat. This runner had had a very hard run, and over a great deal of broken ground. He ran among the first that started, and was one of those who had refused to take any notice of the Prince's proclamation at first, and even shamefully ill-treated the messengers who had brought the news, and scoffed at those who had begun the race. But his mind was suddenly changed, and no one had run more steadily

and with fewer stops than this runner. He had succeeded in pulling off the greater part of his scarf, and had kept his eyes so steadily turned towards the Prince's seat,²⁸ and had used the eye-salve so continually, that he had the clearest view of the crowns and of the Prince himself from time to time; so much so, that one of the wicked ones was allowed to try him a good deal on his way, more than the other runners, to make him look to his feet and mind how he ran.²⁹ I saw this runner, as he came close to the end of the course, catch a full view of the glittering crown which the King had prepared for him, for the crowns were of different sizes, and some much more glorious and sparkling than others, though all were almost too bright to look at, for the least bright shone more dazzlingly than the noonday sun. And every crown had got the runner's name written on it. I heard this runner say, as he came close to the end of the race, "I have finished my course; henceforth there



“ Will have golden harps given them.”

Page 119.

is laid up for me a crown of glory, which the righteous Judge shall give me at that day;"³⁰ and soon after I lost sight of him, a cloud came over that part of the ground, and he was lost in the cloud.

The race was still going on when I left it. When the last runner shall have finished his course, the Prince, with all those glorious creatures, and all the conquering runners, wearing their crowns and white garments, whiter than the driven snow, and carrying palms in their hands, will all go together into the King's country. The runners will have golden harps given them, and without having heard it before, they will all join in a most beautiful song, in honour of the Great King and the Prince his son.³¹ They will see the King in all his beauty—will walk in the light of that happy land—will behold the streets of clear gold, as clear as crystal, the gates of pearl, and drink of that river the streams whereof make glad the city of the great King. There will be no more pain there, neither sorrow

nor crying, neither will there be any more death, for all those things will then have passed away for ever.³²

But all those miserable men, who refused to attend to what the Prince and his messengers said, and would not run at all, or turned back when they had begun, will be driven away with those wicked rebels into a dreadful prison, where no light ever comes, and where nothing is heard but curses and blasphemy, yells of anguish—blaming and accusing one another, and where they will shed scalding tears at the remembrance that they were so foolish as to refuse the King's kindness: they will grind their teeth like madmen, with rage and malice against the King, against themselves, against their wretched companions, and those wicked ones who kept them from trying for the prize, or threw them down while they were running.

O let us try to run, and so run that we may obtain.

NOTES.

¹ Ps. ciii. 19.—The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens, and his kingdom ruleth over all.

² Ps. ciii. 20.—Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength ; that do his commandments, hearkening to the voice of his words.

³ Rev. xii. 7-9.—And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the Dragon: and the great Dragon was cast out, that old serpent called the Devil and Satan, which deceiveth the whole world.

⁴ Gen. iii. 4.—And the serpent said, Ye shall not *surely* die.

⁵ Acts, xxii. 11.—And when I could not see for the brightness of that light—

⁶ Mark, ix. 6.—For he wist not what to say, for they were sore afraid.

⁷ 1 Pet. ii. 21.—Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.

⁸ 1 Cor. ix. 24, 25.—Know ye not—that they which run in a race run all, but one receiveth the prize?—So run, that ye may obtain. And every one that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things.

⁹ Matt. xxi. 29.—He answered and said, I will not ; but afterwards repented and went.

¹⁰ 1 Pet. iii. 21.—Baptism doth also now save us, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ, (not the washing away the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience towards God.)

¹¹ Luke, xviii. 9.—And he spake this parable to certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others.

¹² Luke, xviii. 24.—And when Jesus saw that he was very sorrowful, he said, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God !

¹³ Rev. iii. 18.—I counsel thee—to anoint thine eyes with eye-salve that thou mayest see.

¹⁴ John, ix. 40, 41.—Are we blind also ? Jesus said unto them, If ye were blind ye should have no sin : but now ye *say*, We see ; therefore your sin remaineth.

¹⁵ Heb. i. 14.—Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ?

¹⁶ Heb. xii. 1.—Let us lay aside every weight.—

¹⁷ Heb. xii. 1.—And the sin which doth so *easily beset us*.

¹⁸ James, iii. 16.—For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work.

¹⁹ 1 Cor. x. 12.—Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall.

²⁰ Eph. vi. 12.—For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (wicked spirits) in high places.

²¹ Matt. xxvii. 4, 5.—And they said, What is that to *us* ? see *thou* to that. And he cast down the pieces of silver in the temple and departed and went and hanged himself.

²² Prov. iv. 25, 26.—Let thine eyes look right on,

and let thine eyelids look straight before thee. Ponder the path of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established.

²³ Ps. xci. 11, 12.—For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways: they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

²⁴ Prov. iv. 18.—The path of the just is as the shining light, shining more and more unto the perfect day.

²⁵ Luke, xxii. 31, 33, 34, and 54 to 60.

²⁶ Luke, xxii. 61, 52.

²⁷ Gal. ii. 11–14.

²⁸ Phil. iii. 13, 14.—This one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

²⁹ 2 Cor. xii. 7.—And lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelation, there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure.

³⁰ 2 Tim. iv. 7, 8.

³¹ Rev. xv. 2, 3, 4.

³² Rev. xxi. 3, 4.

THE BUILDERS.

THERE was once a very beautiful country, which was quite different from any that can now be found on earth. It was free from all those things which now spoil the beauty of the most lovely lands. The air was so mild and soft, that you might lie down and sleep in the open air all night, and no harm would come of it. Four beautiful rivers, as clear as crystal, ran through it. You could look into the waters and see the fish of all kinds sporting in the clear depths, chasing one another among the long lily stalks, whose flowers, like cups of silver with drops of gold in the middle, floated on the top among their clusters of bright green leaves; and if you looked in, and the playful fish caught sight of you looking at them, they did not plunge down and get out of sight, as they do when *we* see them—they

would go on with their play. There were lions, and tigers, and all kinds of living creatures roaming about; but the lions did not live on flesh, nor know the taste of blood; they ate grass like oxen, and were as gentle and harmless as lambs. You might often see a little frisking kid playing with a large, noble-looking lion, just as a merry kitten plays with its mother; and though the great lion was strong enough to lay the little kid dead at his feet with a turn of his paw, yet he would only lay his paw gently on the little frolicker, and seem quite delighted with his happy play-fellow. You might see a calf feeding there by the side of a great rough bear. You might see a fine eagle floating in the air, like a speck, and the other birds were not the least afraid of him: they went on with their songs among the branches, for the eagle would do them no harm there. The hen, who was walking abroad with her pretty brood of chickens, would look up, but she did not sound any alarm to her little ones, when she saw the

hawk balancing himself under the cloud, seeming as if he was fixed in the air. The hare and the rabbit, who were nibbling the grass, did not lay back their long ears to catch the sound of the barking dogs: they were never hunted in that beautiful country. It was never bitterly cold nor fiercely hot there. The ground was never frozen up as hard as a stone, nor burnt into powder by the blazing sun. No violent storms nor tempests were ever known there; no floods of water carrying away houses and cottages, sheep and cattle. Indeed they did not want any houses there, as we do, for the thickets were so close and formed such beautiful arbours, lined with all kinds of creeping flowers, and with such beautiful soft dry moss to lie on, that no houses were built there; and there were no cold, damp, soaking fogs, to chill them while asleep, though every flower and blade of grass was hung with dew-drops of a morning, which sparkled in the sunlight, far brighter than the diamonds in a king's crown.

But all this was changed: a violent storm one day rose quite suddenly in the sky; the air turned chill and cold; the wind began to pipe mournfully through the trees; the sky became covered with scudding clouds, which spread themselves over the whole heavens till all was as dark as night; the wind suddenly dropped: the blue lightning darted in a swift stream from the inky sky and plunged into the ground; the thunder crashed from the pile of clouds, and made the very earth tremble; the rivers swelled and flooded the fields upon the banks; and when the storm rolled off, everything was changed—the climate seemed altogether different—that storm had altered the whole face of the country; and as it seemed likely that such storms might often happen again, the people were obliged to look out for some place where they might build a house and be safe against the floods and tempests.¹

The King of the country was very desirous to assist the people. He looked out a range of high ground, which he knew would

be generally above the reach of the floods, and on this range he laid down a great foundation of the best stone, the strength of which he himself knew.² This stone which the King laid down was of a kind that would not wear, even with the continual washing of the water during the longest floods. He had tried it and found it perfect; it would not crumble off after it had been wetted either in the hottest summer or the coldest winter; neither sun nor frost did it any harm—they only seemed to make it harder. It would bear any weight that was laid upon it. The King had proved this also by himself putting the greatest possible weight on it.

The King, in fixing on the range of high ground where he should lay down this stone, chose it so that it might be as near as possible for all the people to build on; those who were furthest off were not far—indeed it was near at hand to all that wished to build.³

When he had looked out the high ground

for this foundation, and laid down the stone, he told the people, that as their country was now liable to such sudden storms and risings of the rivers, they had better at once change their quarters and begin to build their houses on the foundation which he had laid for their use. He told them that if they wished to have a thoroughly good and safe house, they must not build it of bricks, made of the clay of the low ground, nor even of the stone or timber that they could get there, but that if they would apply to him he would give them an order for stone out of his own quarry, of the same kind as that which he had laid down for the foundation,⁴ and also that they should be supplied with tempered mortar, which would be sure to hold the stones tight together, and not give way either through wet or heat or cold. He said, too, that if they went into his quarry, his Chief Builder, who had built his own palace and many other most beautiful buildings for him, would give them directions, would teach them to shape and

square the stones, and furnish them with proper plans for the building of their houses ;⁵ which, though in some small points they might be different, were all to be built after the same plan inside, and in all important points, such as the foundations, the main walls, the number of the rooms, doors, windows, and roof, were to be exactly alike.

He also told them that in furnishing their houses they must attend to his directions, and make the furniture as strong and simple as they could. He told them that there was one kind of wood which was proof against worms, and would not warp either with heat or wet. This also he was ready to furnish them with out of his own stores. Such were the directions which the King of the country kindly gave the poor people ; and he promised that if they carefully looked at themselves, his Chief Builder would answer any inquiry they might make ; and he advised them in everything to consult him, that they might be sure they were building rightly.

These kind directions of the King were very differently received. Though the storm had made such a change as all could both see and feel, and every one must have known that such another might arise again, and should have believed for certain, when the King warned them to provide against it, that it *would* come some day or other, yet by far the greater part of them seemed to forget the danger, and lived as if no evil *had* happened and none *would* ever happen again. They took **no** care at all to build on the King's foundation, nor even to move up to the high ground; they lived in the valleys, and many did not attempt to *build* even there; a few, however, did go up to the high ground, and a small number of houses were built upon it and finished when a most dreadful storm arose. It lasted many days and nights; it seemed as if the skies were melting into water; it came down in spouts; the rivers soon swelled, and rose above their banks; and the careless and heedless people in the valleys lost

not only their goods but their lives, for all were swept away; while those who had built on the King's foundation were safe and sound, and their houses were not even moved or shaken.

Other people in course of time filled up the places of those who had thus been swept away. Some of the children of those who had built their houses on the high ground and upon the King's foundation were foolish enough to leave their high and safe place and go down into the valleys. Indeed, though so safe and sure and strong a foundation had been prepared by the King himself; though the best, indeed the *only* stone fit for building on this foundation had been provided abundantly by him, and he had so kindly promised the help and instruction of his Chief Builder in the whole work; yet very few indeed took any pains to build where he wished and allowed them, but built wherever the fancy took them, and in the way they pleased.

Some looked out for ranges of stone.

which they said was quite as good as the King's foundation, because it *looked* as well ; indeed to all appearance it was better, for the stone of which the King's foundation was made was not a fine-looking stone at all, but a plain, grey-rock, without any glitter, or polish, or fine colours, and many of the men who went up the hill to look at it utterly despised it ; it seemed, as they thought, so poor and mean.⁶ So they looked out for some stone which appeared much better : it was indeed rather soft, but then it could easily be cut, and took a fine polish very soon, like alabaster, and was easily got into shape, with scarcely any trouble at all ; so that the houses were very soon run up of this stone, and looked very well, and stood a little rain and wind, though it was observed that even the least rain made the outside of the stones damp ; and if it lasted a good while, the stone began to peel and drop off, and the fine polish went, and it seemed as if the stones would soon melt away. But as soon as the rain was over and the

sun came out, the stones dried. The men set to work and smoothed and polished the outside again; and though they might and ought to have thought that if only the outside of the stones dropped off with a *little* rain, they were sure to drop entirely to pieces in a *storm*; yet the men seemed either not to think this at all, or to forget that they had ever thought so, and went on till some great and sudden tempest arose, and the floods swelled and the violent winds blew, and the whole country became one sheet of water, and then, when it was too late, they saw their folly. The stones on which they had built were soon loosened by the rushing waters, and crumbled away; the untempered mortar⁷ with which they had securely fastened the stones together (as they supposed), was soon washed out piece by piece; the stones of the house became so soft with the rain driving against them, that the great hail-stones sunk into them as bullets into miry clay; the furious, stormy wind rent the house, beat in the

roof, drove in the windows, and it soon fell; and while part of it sunk into the depths, the rest was carried away by the violent stream, and was never seen again.⁸ This happened, sooner or later, to every house that was not built on the King's foundation. Though some of the people seemed so blindly sure of their safety, that even when the house was melting away and sinking before the flood, they would scarcely believe it was falling, and you would have thought there was no danger, if you had looked only at them.

It was almost always the case in that country, that some lesser storms arose before the great tempests, as if to give warning of the greater storms. And some of the people took warning from what they saw. When they found that the stone, of which they had begun to build their house (and some had altogether built it,) dropped off in the showers of rain, and when they felt it tremble in the gusts of wind, they said within themselves, "If this stone will

THE BUILDERS.

not stand such a little storm as this, it cannot stand one of those furious tempests which will soon come on, and we know not how soon." So they were led to consider of this; and directly the rain abated, and the wind dropped, and the sun shone out again, they at once left the house as it was, and went up to the high ground, told the King's Chief Builder how wrong they had been, and how they had been led to see their mistake before it was too late, and asked him to teach them how to build on the King's foundation. And the Chief Builder never reproached or blamed them, when they blamed themselves. Indeed, the more they blamed themselves, the more kind he was, and seemed more pleased to help them.⁹

It was curious to see how few, even of the people who built on the King's foundation, were willing to follow altogether the directions of the Chief Builder in simplicity and obedience. They took the place which he pointed out as theirs (for every one had his own place marked out by the King him-

self), but many were inclined to think their neighbours better off than themselves. Some, whose place was appointed on the lower part of the high ground, were disposed to envy those whose places the King had appointed higher up; and some, to whom a smaller space had been given, almost wished they had been one of those who had a larger and broader one. This was not right, for whenever storms came, the houses on the highest point were always tried the most, and felt the winds and rains the first; while those on the lower ranges of the rock were less violently shaken and less often tried. The higher ground had its own dangers as well as its greater height; and the houses built on it had to stand out many a fierce gust rushing through the air, of which the people on the lower ranges knew nothing.

Some, who were building their houses on the King's foundation, were not satisfied with the plain, strong, simple kind of house which the Chief Builder recommended, but

would put on ornaments of their own, besides those which the King's plans allowed, and, indeed, required. For each house was to consist of three stories. It was very plain in its outward appearance, and all its chief beauties were within.¹⁰ The roof was supported by seven pillars; of these three were larger than the others, and one of these again was more richly ornamented than all the rest. The whole of these stood on one and the same solid stone, and seemed, as it were, to spring out of it. The houses, which were built under the direction of the King's Architect, were of different sizes, but the general plan on which they were built was the same in all. Many, however, were not satisfied with the simple and beautiful plan of the Chief Builder; they would put on ornaments on the outside;¹¹ and as they could not work these out of the stone of the King's quarry (for it would not cut into such ornaments as they wished), they cut them out of the stone they brought up out of the lower grounds, and stuck them

on outside the house, though somehow they did not at all agree with the appearance of the house; and any one that was in the habit of seeing the houses built on the King's foundation, would at once see, that all these things were quite out of place, and did not at all agree with the other parts and character of the building.

There were some who tried to build a house in the lower ground, *partly* of the soft stone they got there so easily, and *partly* of the stone of the King's quarry. These people seemed to feel that the soft stone was not quite strong enough, but thought that if they used some of the other here and there in the building, it would make all the rest strong and safe; but it was very curious and wonderful to observe, how the two kinds of stone could never be got by any means to hold together;¹² the untempered mortar they used, though it stuck very tight to the soft stone till the rains and floods came, could not be got to stick at all to the stone of the quarry; so

that when the storm *did* come, those houses fell quite as fast as the others which were made only of the soft stone of the valleys.

The furniture of those houses which were built on the King's foundation was as much under the direction of the Chief Builder as the houses themselves. It was the King's wish, that the furniture should answer to the houses, and both be such as to be in no danger of either decay or destruction. Some of the men, who seemed more simple-minded than the rest, followed the directions of the Chief Builder in almost everything. They put nothing unnecessary into their houses, and all the furniture was formed out of wood from the King's stores, which no worm was ever known to eat through, and no change of season in the least alter or change.¹³ But it was strange to see how many things some of the others put into their houses; which, at first sight, would have made you suppose you were in a house built in the low grounds, and not on the King's range. Whenever the storm came, all this furniture



“The whole range will shine out in perfect beauty.”

Page 141.

cracked and split, and lost all its polish; and was often carried away (it was so light,) for all the pains they had taken to make it last, while not a single piece of that which was made of the King's materials was the least altered, but stood out the storm as well as the house itself.

The buildings on the King's range are increasing every day, though only a small portion is as yet covered. Every part of it, however, will in time be filled; and it is said, that when the last house is finished, a more tremendous storm than has ever yet happened will burst on the whole country;¹² and that after the tempest has proved the foundation of every house on the King's range, and swept away every particle of workmanship about them which was not the work of the Chief Builder; that after that the whole range will shine out in perfect beauty, and its happy people walk in the light of the King's own presence, who will come and live among them, and have his palace among them for ever.

NOTES.

¹ Gen. iii.

² Isa. xxviii. 16.—Behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner-stone, a sure foundation.

³ Psalm lxxxv. 9.—Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him.

⁴ Isa. liv. 17.—Their righteousness is of me, saith the Lord.

⁵ John, xvi. 13.—When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he shall guide you into all truth.

⁶ Isa. liii. 2, 3.—He is despised and rejected of men.

Rom. ix. 33.—A stumbling-stone and a rock of offence, and whosoever believeth on him shall not be ashamed.

⁷ Ezek. xiii. 10.—And one built up a wall, and others daubed it with untempered mortar: say unto them which daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall: there shall be an overflowing shower; and ye, O great hailstones, shall fall. Isaiah, xxviii. 17.—The hail shall sweep away the refuge of lies, and the water shall overflow the hiding-place.

⁸ Matt. vii. 24 to 27.

⁹ James, i. 5.—If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him.

¹⁰ Psalm xlv. 13.—The king's daughter is all glorious within.

¹¹ 1 Cor. iii. 12.—Now if any man build on this foundation gold, silver, precious stones, wood, hay, stubble: every man's work shall be made manifest; for *the day* shall declare it.

¹² Gal. v. 4.—Christ is become of none effect to you: whosoever of you are justified by the law,—ye are fallen from grace.

¹³ 2 Pet. i. 5, 6, 7.—And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue knowledge; and to knowledge temperance; and to temperance patience; and to patience godliness; and to godliness brotherly-kindness; and to brotherly-kindness charity.

¹⁴ Heb. xii. 26, 27.—Yet once more I shake not the earth only, but also heaven. And this word, Yet once more, signifieth the removing of those things that are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.

'THE GLASS.

ONE day a little girl went with her mother to a large place, where a great many people were met together. There were rich and poor, old and young, all met within that large building. Some of the people looked serious, yet not sad, for they seemed as if their thoughts were set on solemn things, yet such things as made them joyful to think of. A great many of the poor people were among this number. Any one could see that they had done all they could to make themselves look neat and decent; their clothes were in many cases much worn and very thin, but it seemed as if these poor people knew they were in a place where the outside appearance was not the chief thing with the owner of the house; and their faces looked serious yet

cheerful, and solemn yet not sad. Many of the other people, whose clothing showed them to be better off, had the same look as many of these poor folk. 'There were a great many, however, within this large building, who looked very different: their eyes were wandering about them; sometimes they looked at their own dress and sometimes at the other people's; and sometimes you might tell by the look of their eyes, that, though they were sitting there, they were not there themselves, because their mind was gone away after other things, and not that for which they came there.¹

After a little while a man went up into a kind of tower of wood, which stood in the midst of the building. He had a little glass in his hand. He told the people that this little glass would tell them the truth, and not flatter them, as their own glasses at home did; but show them their faces according to what they *were*, not what they *seemed*. He then opened the glass and turned it slowly about, so that every

one in the place might look at himself. It was very wonderful to see the difference in the looks of the people as the glass was turned upon them. Here was a lady beautifully dressed, who, before the glass changed her look, had looked very well and pretty; but in the glass she looked so proud and conceited and vain, so pleased with her own fine appearance and good looks and gay dress, that you would not have known her for the same person; and it was plain, from her surprise when she saw herself in the glass, that she did not know herself, and would not believe that she saw her own real face, but some other person's.² In another part of this great building the glass was turned full upon a man who looked like a merchant; and when he looked at himself he saw a person that seemed full of cares and business, thinking about his letters and accounts, and whose whole thought it was how to get more money together, and heap up more riches to those large stores which he had already got. When he saw his face

so altered in the glass he was quite angry, and said within himself, "This cannot be like *me*. I am sure *I* am not such a one as that glass would make me out."³ Then the man turned the glass towards another part of the building, where sat a man whose countenance showed he was quite satisfied with himself: he looked about him as much as to say, "Well; whatever that glass may make out others here to be, I am sure it can show nothing evil of me."⁴ While he was saying this by his looks, the glass was turned full upon him, and he looked at it as if to see and admire his own face: but he saw a face in which self-will, and pride, and angry tempers, and contempt of others, were so strongly and plainly marked, that he could scarcely believe his eyes, and would not think that that face *could* be his own. After this the man turned the glass upon a lady who sat with a good many children about her. She seemed kind and good-natured, and was looking from time to time at her children. When the glass was turned

upon her, it made her appear anxious and full of care. She looked as if she had brought all her cares in her heart from home with her, and her face looked so full of these cares, that it seemed as if she could not think or hear about anything else.⁵ When she saw her face thus altered, she felt sorrowful and not angry, and turned away from looking at herself in the glass. Then the man turned the glass on one of those whom the little girl, on coming into the place, had noticed, as looking cheerful yet solemn, and serious yet not sad. When the glass was turned on one of these persons, his face was less altered than the faces of the others had been, though it *was* altered a good deal. His face looked quick and hasty, but instead of turning away from the glass, this man kept looking steadfastly in it,⁶ as if trying to see fully, and remember what the look of his face was; and when the glass was turned away to some other part, he looked more serious and humble than he had done before, and appeared quite

taken up with the thought of what his real face was. And, indeed, all those people whose quiet, serious, solemn looks the little girl had noticed when she first came into the place, when the glass was turned on them, though they did not quite like to see their faces so different from what they *wished* them to be, still were not angry, as the others were, and did not think the glass untrue, but wished to remember how they had looked, that they might alter and become like what they wished to be.⁷

After the man had gone round the whole assembly with his glass, he said to the people, that he would now turn the glass and show them all the face of One to whom they must try to get like; which they could only do, he said, by getting as unlike themselves as possible. He then turned the glass, and there appeared in it the face of One, whom (one would have thought) none could see without loving and wishing to be like him. There was such heavenly meekness, and gentleness, and purity, and love, in the

countenance which the glass showed, without the smallest shade of anger, or pride, or unkindness; and all this with such a look of majesty and dignity, that the little girl, when she saw that face, could not help looking and looking at it again and again, with feelings of love and reverence, earnestly wishing she could be such a one as that person whose face the glass showed her. After the man had turned the glass away from her towards another part of the building, the little girl could think of nothing but that heavenly face which she had seen, and how very different *her* face had looked when for a moment the glass had passed by her, and showed her a glimpse of her real countenance. After the man had shown the people the face, which, he said, they must all be like if they wished to be happy, he put up the glass, and the people began to leave the place. Many of them began talking about what they had seen. "I do not like going to this place," said one; "that man always makes us uncom-

fortable. I wonder why he cannot talk to us without bringing out that glass." "Do you think," said another, "that that glass shows our faces as they really are? I am sure, when I look at myself in the glass I have at home, I look quite different from what I looked to-day when the man turned the glass so full upon me, that I could not help seeing myself—at least what I suppose the man would *say* was myself." "I do not think I shall go there again," said another, "for you may go to other places where you can be told what you ought to be in a nice, quiet, comfortable way, without being shown such disagreeable things as those glasses always show, whenever they are brought out;⁸ for you observed, I dare say, that there was not one that it did not alter very much. I should call it shamefully. And, for my part, I neither can, nor will believe, that I am such a person as that glass would make me out; do you think I am?" said the man to a friend that was walking with him. "Oh, no,"

said his friend, "quite a different person from what I saw in the glass when it turned on you; for we sat so close together that I could see what you looked as well as myself, and I never thought you the selfish, passionate person that you looked in the glass." "And what did you think of the face he showed us at last when he turned the glass?" "Oh, it would never do to be like *that*; there would be no getting on in the world if we were to be such persons as that one looked. What! to see one's self wronged and be so humble as not to take one's own part—to be so gentle as never to be angry, but let people say what they please about you and put up with it all; it is quite contrary to all common sense, and quite against our very nature. And then to be so full of love as to love one's enemies: why it is *impossible*! no one can do it." "So *I* think," said another; "I think it quite right that we should keep away from what every one thinks sinful; but people may be too strict, so I should like

to keep a middle way ; I would not be over righteous, nor yet be wicked.”⁹—“ That’s just what I feel,” said the other ; “ I think it is quite right to pay *proper* attention to these things : but while we live in the world, I see no harm in doing *a little* as the world does ; and, for my part, I am quite contented to take my chance with the rest.” “ I think that is a very wise determination,” said his friend.

When little Truth (for that was the little girl’s name) returned home, she could think of nothing but what she had seen that day. The remembrance of that gentle, humble, heavenly face she had seen in the glass, followed her wherever she went, and she could do nothing but think how blessed a thing it must be to become like to that heavenly person. She wanted to know more of herself than the small glimpses she had when the glass was for a minute turned upon her : she longed for the time to come round when she could go again to the same place, and when she had been again she was only

more anxious still, and every fresh sight seemed to make her long for another and another.

The man who had the glass, and who narrowly watched the different people on whom he turned it, observed the little girl's anxious, attentive, and earnest face; and one day, to her great surprise, but no small pleasure, she saw him coming up to her mother's house. He came in where little Truth was sitting at work, thinking of what she had seen; and after speaking to her mother, he turned to the little girl and said kindly, "My little friend, I should judge by your looks when I have been showing the glass, that you are not one of those who are angry with me for showing it." "Oh, no, sir," said the little girl, with tears in her eyes,—“how can I be angry, sir? I am sure, that though I have only had a glimpse of myself in the glass, it has shown nothing but what is true, for I have watched myself since that, and often think, that if I had one of those glasses and could look at my-

self sometimes, I should look here at home just the same little girl I looked when you showed me myself the other day.” “And what did you think of the face I showed the people when I turned the glass?” “Oh, sir, if I could only be like *that*—I have thought of nothing else since I saw that face—I should be so happy if I could be as gentle, and humble, and loving, as that heavenly face looked.” “Would you like to have one of those glasses?” said the kind man; “if you would take care of it, and promise to use it, I would *give* you one.” So he took out of his pocket a little case, in which was one of the same kind of glasses he had himself used, and gave it to little Truth. “This,” said he, “is now your own; but it will do you no good except it is *used*. If you do not *look into it*, but lay it by and rest contented with merely *having* it, you might as well be without it; indeed, you had *better* be without it. Remember then, my little friend, that this glass will help you, first to know yourself,

and next to know that Blessed Person whom I showed you; it will also help you to find out the real worth of different things, and the true character of different persons: but it will not do these last things for you, unless you make use of it first for the other purposes I spoke of. If you are sincerely and truly desirous of knowing yourself, that you may become more and more like that person, then your glass will help you, and this little book will give you directions how to use it aright. So now, good-bye."

When the good man was gone, little Truth felt as if she was now very rich.¹⁰ She was anxious to use her glass, and longed for an opportunity of doing so. She went to her school in the afternoon, carrying her glass in her pocket, that she might have it at hand in case of wishing to use it. She had learnt her lessons very well, and took a great many places, and got up nearly to the top of her form. Her teacher spoke kindly to her, to encourage her, and said she had done very well. She went home quite

pleased and satisfied with herself, and could not help thinking, as she went along, how much better she had said her lessons than those of her school-fellows, whose places she had taken. When she got home, she thought she would just look at her glass, but it was rather from curiosity than from any particular wish to know anything about herself. When she took it out of its case there was a mist over it, so that she could see nothing. She tried to wipe it away, but still it continued dim. She thought what could possibly make it so; and at last looked to the directions which the good man had given her, to see if she could learn how to make the glass clear. She opened the paper, and among other things found this direction. ‘If the glass should be at any time dim, it is because the person wishing to use it does not really wish to use it *rightly*.’ These words set little Truth on thinking. Had she really *cared* about looking into the glass? or did she sincerely desire to know about her own

state of mind? or was she not satisfied about herself? She began to fear that there must be something wrong in herself; she began really to wish to know what it was; and as she felt this, she looked towards the glass and saw the dimness going off by little and little, till the glass was clear and bright. She took it up with a trembling hand, and looked into it, and there saw herself looking satisfied and pleased with herself, and with a look as if she rather despised others.¹¹ She then turned the glass, and there saw the face she had begun to love. It was the face of the same Person she had seen before, but when he was young—for it looked like the face of a lad about twelve years old—there was such a look of humility and modesty, without the least appearance of pride or vain-glory, that she saw directly that she had been quite wrong in thinking more of herself because she had taken her schoolfellows' places, and also in thinking meanly of them for losing their places, and that while she had liked

being praised by her teacher, she had not been thinking of the praise that cometh of God only. Little Truth was humbled when she saw all this. She wept to think she had felt so proudly, and despised her schoolfellows in her heart. She asked for pardon, and prayed that she might not forget the lesson she had learnt; and when next day she went to school, she took her place modestly; and though she said her lessons well, and her teacher again spoke a few kind words to her, she thought of him whose servant had given her the glass, and hoped in her heart *he* might be pleased with her, and not see the same wrong thoughts he had shown her yesterday in the glass.¹²

There was among her schoolfellows a little quiet girl, who never got up very high in her class, though she always paid great attention to her lessons. She was not nearly so quick of understanding as many of the children; and when the children were asked questions before a great number of people,

this little girl was never taken much notice of by the great people—they thought her rather dull and backward. Little Truth wished to know what kind of little girl her glass would show this child to be. So one day, without being seen by any one, she held her glass so as to show the little girl's face, and she was surprised to see what a brightness there was about it, what a look of humility and love. Little Truth thought she could see a good deal of likeness in the little girl's face to that one which she saw when she turned her glass. She had not spoken much to this little girl *before*, but what she had seen made her wish to talk with her *now*; so when she was going out of school she spoke kindly to this little girl, who answered her meekly and kindly, and she found, though the little girl was not one who said much, that her father had got one of the glasses at home and let her look into it; and that she was trying all she could to get as much like that heavenly person whom little Truth was beginning

to love.¹³ She became this little girl's friend: and when she looked about the school, and saw many of her schoolfellows very quick and clever at their lessons, she used to say within herself—"Ah, *they* have learnt their lessons without much trouble, and not because they know it to be *right* to try and do their best; but my little friend has tried hard to learn hers, because she wishes to please him who does not look at our faces but our hearts."

One day her friend's father called on Truth with his little girl, and said, "My dear little friend, I am going to see a person whom you, too, would like to see; will you go with me?" "I should *like* to go very much," said little Truth, "if my father and mother will let me." So she went and asked them, and they gave her leave. Then her little friend's father took his little girl and Truth, and walked with them towards the end of the city. He led them through several streets, and then turned down a passage, leading into a narrow court. He

stopped at one of the doors and lifted the latch—"Take care," said he, "my little ones, how you go up this stair, it is very dark up the staircase, and the stairs are very old. There is a rope hanging from the top, which will help you up if you will lay hold of it." So he made them go up first, that he might catch them if they slipped. When they came to the top of the stairs he tapped gently at a door, and a weak voice from within said, "Please to come in;" so he opened the door and led the little girls into the room. It was a room at the top of the house. The roof slanted down on each side, and it was only in the middle that a man could stand upright. There was only one very small window, with very few panes of glass in it; the rest was of paper, neatly pasted over the frames. Through this window a faint light came into the room, and enabled the little girls to see, in a corner, what seemed a heap of clothes, but which was a poor bed, laid on the floor. on which, when they went close up

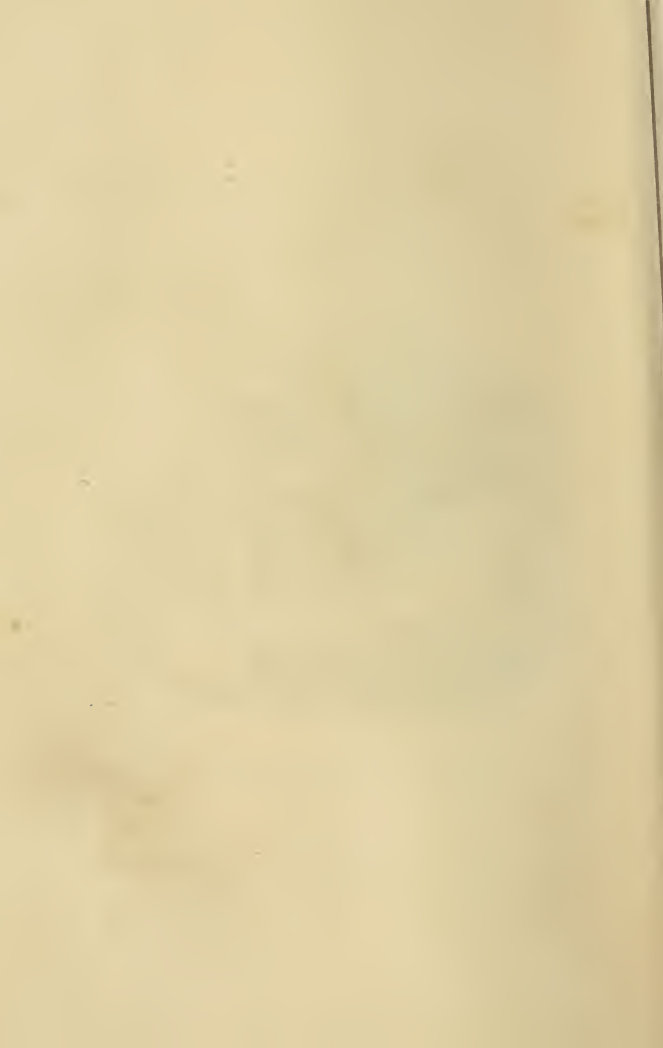
to it, they saw a woman lying. Even the little girls could see that she was very, very ill. Her hand, which was laid outside the clothes, was as white as marble, and looked so thin that it seemed as if they might see through it. Her face was very thin too. Her lips did not look red as healthy people's lips are, but of a bluish whiteness; but her eyes were so dark, and deep, and bright, that they seemed to sparkle and flash with brightness. There was one old broken chair, that scarcely held together, and two or three cups and saucers over the fire-place, though there was but a little fire, made of some cinders and a little tan. The little girls stood by the bed, and the kind man sat down cautiously on the old chair, and looking at the poor sufferer on the floor, said, "I have brought my little girl, and a little friend of hers, to see you." The poor sick woman looked at the little girls, and, with a very sweet smile, and a look of kindness and love, said, "It is very

kind of you to bring them to see a poor afflicted creature." "Do you not find this lonely room very dull?" said the man to her. "No, indeed," she said, "I do not." Little Truth and her friend were surprised, but they listened to what was said. "Do you have many come to see you?" "No," she said; "except yourself and one other kind friend, I see no one." The little girls were still more surprised. "She *must* be dull," they thought within themselves, but they listened on. "I *was* dull once, but that time is past. Since I have known HIM (whom you also know), I have had more joy in this lonely room, and on this bed of pain, than I ever had in my time of health.¹⁴ I have begun to know two things, —what I am and what He is. When I look at what I am, instead of murmuring, as I once did, at my severe pain, at my poverty (for you know I am very poor), I only wonder at his mercy, who alone has kept my soul from going down into the pit;



“Do you not find this lonely room very dull?”

Page 164



and when I think of *my* having a bed to lie on, I remember how *He* had not a place where to lay his head. All I want *now* is to know more of him, and to lose myself—to be made like him, and unlike what I was. I am looking forward to that day with humble hope, when I shall awake up after his likeness, and then I shall be *satisfied*,¹⁵ though he has taught me even now to be *content*."

While the poor woman was thus speaking, little Truth, who had brought her glass with her, took it out, looked in it, and almost started when she saw the woman's face through the glass. It looked bright and glowing; it looked as if there was some very glorious light streaming in upon it, and it seemed almost *more* like the face of Him she had learned to love, than any other she had yet seen; and it looked light, too, all around the bed: and as the poor woman lifted up her eyes, the little girls almost fancied that she must *see* more than they saw.

I am told that little Truth used her glass so well, that she, too, grew more and more like the person (whose face it showed her) every day

NOTES.

¹ Isa. xxix. 13.—This people draw near me with their mouth, and with their lips do honour me, but have removed their heart far from me.

² Jer. xvii. 9.—The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked : who can know it ?

³ Psalm xxxvi. 2.—He flattereth himself in his own eyes, until his iniquity be found to be hateful.

⁴ Luke, xviii. 9.—He spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others.

⁵ Mark, iv. 19.—And the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches, and the lusts of other things, choke the word, and it becometh unfruitful.

⁶ Psalm cxix. 93.—I will never forget thy precepts : for with them thou hast quickened me.

⁷ James, i. 25.—But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man is blessed in his deed.

⁸ Isa. xxx. 10.—Prophesy not unto us right things, prophesy unto us smooth things, prophesy deceits.

⁹ Eccles. vii. 16, 17.—Be not righteous overmuch ; neither make thyself over wise : why shouldest thou destroy thyself ? Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish : why shouldest thou die before thy time ?

¹⁰ Psalm cxix. 162.—I rejoice in thy word, as one that findeth great spoil.

¹¹ Heb. iv. 12, 13.—For the word of God is quick and powerful ;—and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart ;—and all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

¹² 2 Cor. iii. 18.—But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord (Christ), are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.

¹³ Psalm li. 6.—Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts : and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

¹⁴ Psalm iv. 6, 7.—There be many that say, Who will show us any good ? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us. Thou hast put gladness in my heart more than in the time that their corn and their wine increased.

¹⁵ Psalm xvii. 15.—As for me, I will behold thy face in righteousness : I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness.

THE JOURNEY.

THERE is a happy land, very far off, in which none of the sorrows which make this world a world of sadness are known. There is no pain there, neither sorrow nor crying, neither is there any death. The people of that land always see the King in his beauty; they behold his glory, and enjoy his goodness. They are clothed in robes of pure white linen, are crowned with crowns that glitter like the noonday sun, and the music of their golden harps fills the land with the sweetest sounds of gladness.

A long way off from this happy land, there is another very different; the people of that country (though it is also part of the same King's dominions) refused to

obey his laws, and were very miserable because they had done so. There had once been a highroad between this country and the King's country, and the people of the King's land had continually gone to and fro to visit the other people. But directly these refused to obey the King's commandments, the people of the King's country left off visiting them, and the highroad (which the King had made, but had not then opened, and which led straight to the King's country), was, by his orders, broken up, so that there was no way by which the people could get to the King's country from their own.

But the King took pity on his poor misguided people. He caused another road to be made from their country to his own, by which a great many, following the directions of a map which he sent them, were able to reach this happy land.¹ At last he sent his own Son, who visited the people, and saw their misery, and was very kind to them; and then, in order to make the way to his

Father's country more plain and easy, went along the road, leaving, as he went, marks to show by which way he went,² and then sent full directions, some of which he had given them himself while he was among them, and all of which he had seen and looked over. These directions he sent them by some of his servants, and told them, in his name, to ask all they saw and met to set out for his country and leave their own,³ which he meant one day to visit with his armies and destroy.

A great many of the people listened to what his servants said, and still more appeared to do so, and all these went to the gate which led to the King's highroad.

A great many, when once they had passed through the gate from which the road could be seen, seemed to think that all was done; they sat down in the fields and amused themselves, and wasted their time, and though some few of these had received a paper of directions after they had come through the gate, they scarcely looked into

it or read it, but seemed as if all they had to do was to pass through the gate, and that they needed not to go forward towards the King's country.⁴

Many little children were carried through the gate by the King's servants, and many of these, as soon almost as they had got through the gate were taken to a side door where some of the King's chariots were waiting, and carried in them at once to the happy country.

But though a great many of the people, who had passed the gate loitered away their time, and never once took a step towards the King's way, yet all those who were in earnest, and wished to reach the happy land, to which their great King so kindly invited them, went to the King's servants for instruction as to their journey. They were each furnished with a lamp,—a cruse of oil to feed it,—and a map of the road, drawn out by several of the King's best servants. The King's servant, who gave them their lamp and map, told them how to

use them both, and earnestly entreated them to remember his directions. "This lamp," said he, "will be of no use to you unless you hold it down to your *feet* : if you carry it carelessly, or hold it above your head, it will throw a light, but not such a light as will enable you to walk safely along the King's road.⁵ Study this map as you go along, especially when you come to any turnings in the road and where other roads run into it and cross it. If you do this, you will not miss the right way. Look carefully along the road to find the marks which the King's Son set up and left, when he went along it. There is a stream that runs from the King's country, and it runs within a very short distance of the road. If you wish to reach your journey's end in safety, you must bathe in this stream, and drink of it every day ; this will wash off the dust which *will* cling to your clothing even along the cleanest parts of the road, and will renew your strength and cheer your spirits. Take good heed to these instruc-

tions, and may we meet one day in that happy land." So saying, he gave each of them a lamp and a map, and to some, especially the younger persons, he gave a little drink out of a silver cup. As soon as they had taken it, they felt their spirits so raised, and their hearts so joyful, that they went along the road as if they had been walking on the air, and could hardly keep themselves from running.

The company of people then set out. There were many in the company : several little children and their mothers : several old men, and many more. It was quite dark when they started, but their lamps threw a bright light upon the path of such as minded the directions of the King's servant. Those who took care to hold down their lamp could see the road quite plainly before them. Every stone upon the path was clearly shown, and they were enabled to walk steadily and firmly ; from time to time, too, they saw the way-marks which the King's Son had set up along the road,



“There were many in the company.”

Page 174.

and in several places they saw footsteps which they knew to be those of the King's Son. When they saw these, they rejoiced exceedingly, being sure they were in the right way.

The King's road led straight through the country, over hill and plain, through forests and valleys, and through many narrow passes in the hills, where the rocks so overhung the road as to look as if they would fall upon the heads of travellers. The road was narrow, and on some parts the thorn-bushes, which grew thickly along the side of it, almost met, and seemed to close the way; but a little care put them aside, and the travellers were able to get through them with only a few scratches.⁶ The road generally grew broader after they had passed through these difficult parts, and the travellers, after passing through them, walked on more cheerfully, and thought less of the steepness of the hills, and of the difficulty of going down the slopes, and seemed to be more careful to

hold their lamps to their feet than they had been before.

Several of the travellers soon forgot the directions of the King's servant. They carried their lamps carelessly; they held them above their heads; they forgot to look to the trimming of them; the light which was thrown upon the path was faint and uncertain; they did not see the stones in their way, and met with several hard falls, bruising themselves sadly; they were angry at their lamps, when they should have been angry at themselves; they fell behind their companions; they spilt their oil from their cruse, and for want of trimming them, their lamps went out: they were afraid to go on; they thought it was hardly worth their while to continue such a journey, and said, "Perhaps what has been told us of the King's country is more than we should find true if we got there; at all events, I cannot see my map without a light, and so I had best grope my way back, and get into the light;" for outside the gate which led

to the King's path, there was plenty of light, such as it was. So many of these, for want of taking heed to the things which had been told them, lost their pains and went back to the gate. Many more were vexed at the scratches they got in passing through the thorns; they sat down by the road-side to look at the marks of the thorns; they put their lamp aside, and never having been really in earnest, they began to think of turning back. They said to themselves, "If we are to be obliged to go through *many* of these thickets of thorns, we shall never get to our journey's end. They ought at least to have been cut so as not to overhang the road, and make it almost impossible to pass through them. This road, too, is, after all, a dark and gloomy one: it will scarcely repay us for all our trouble and toil, even if we reach the land about which they have told us so much. And are we sure it is all true?" Has any one ever seen it? Has any one ever come back to tell us about it? The King's Son did not

tell us what kind of a country it is, though he said it was a very happy one. I think I shall turn back : I have not come far, and the further I go the further I shall have to return, so I will go back at once." So saying, many turned and walked on no further, but left the company.

The rest of the travellers went on cheerfully along the road. It was very narrow⁸ and by no means smooth, though very firmly and strongly made, for the King himself had caused it to be laid down, and every part of it was made according to his own directions. It was not so light at any part of the journey, that the travellers could go on without the help of their lamps. Some of them seemed to think it would be so, and did not take so much pains to use their lamps when the thick darkness broke a little, and so they fell over the stones in the road. They had to pass through several thick forests, where the darkness grew deeper ; and whenever the travellers came to these very dark parts, and were careful

to hold their lamps to their feet and keep them trimmed, they found that the lamps shot out such bright and clear light in those darkest parts of the way, that they really got on better and had more light there than at any other parts of the way where it was not so dark and gloomy.

The King had caused lodges to be built all along the road for travellers to his country to rest in and refresh themselves. These were placed at certain distances, and every traveller was not only allowed but *wished* to stop at every one of them, because the King who had caused them to be built, knew best how far they ought to go along the road at one journey, and how often they had better stop. Some of the first companies that set out had taken advantage of *every* resting-place,⁹ and they had gone on faster for resting, and actually made more way by stopping. The greater number of them got safely to their journey's end, and are now in the King's country, happy and safe. But a great many of those who started

after these, thought they had no need to stop so often, and so they passed by many of the King's lodges without taking any refreshment there; but they did not get on so well as the others did, and lost time by going on, instead of gaining it.

When the company of travellers we have spoken of had gone some way on their journey, they came to a part where several roads ran across and into the King's road; some of them ran on side by side with the other, and, except that they were a little broader and there did not seem to be so many stones in them, were exactly like it. The travellers stopped;¹⁰ they did not know which way to take, the roads seemed so nearly alike and running in the same direction. Several in the company had acted as guides and leaders,—had always gone first and seemed to understand the road well. When they came, therefore, to this part where these roads met, one or two of these guides thought differently about the way they ought to take. "I am sure," said one of

them, "that *this* is the right way. You see that it runs very nearly straight, and the stones are not quite so thick upon it, which is all in our favour." "Let us look to the map," said one of the travellers. "Why look at the map?" answered the other. "I have got a little paper here written by a traveller who went along this road himself, and he says we should take this road—at least I think he means the one I say." "But let us look to the map," said the man again.¹¹ "The King's servants gave us no book or paper, but told us that if we minded this map we should not go wrong, and that when we could not be quite sure from the map, we must look for the Prince's way-marks and footsteps." "Well," said the other, "you may do as you please; I put the greatest confidence in the directions of this traveller, for he was a very experienced one, and *I* mean to go this road." "And *we* mean to go with you," said several of the company at once. "We have seen how well you have gone before us

hitherto, and we cannot think you can be wrong now. So we will go the road *you* go.”¹² So the man and the persons that followed him left the rest, and went along the road they chose, and got on, as they seemed to themselves, a long way before others. The rest, who were thus left behind, having trimmed their lamps, held them to their map, but they could not be quite sure which road was the right one. “I am inclined to think,” said one, “that this is the King’s road, because I see that the stones in it are of the same kind we have been travelling over. Besides, it is no broader than the other, and you see it goes up hill, whereas the others seem to slope downwards; but we must look out for the Prince’s way-marks.” So the rest went about, holding down their lamps to their feet to see if they could find any of the way-marks; but after looking for some time they could see none. At last one of them, holding his lamp very low, caught sight of a foot-mark on the road, which he knew at

once to be the Prince's. He called the rest to him, and when they had looked at it they were all sure that the road they had taken was the right road.¹³ They were very sorry for their companions, that they had been so hasty and confident, and had minded more what their guide had said than what the King's servant had told them, and had not looked to their map, but the paper of the traveller. They called loudly down the road their companions had gone, but they were out of hearing, for they had gone quickly down the sloping road, which was quite smooth and easy, and did not find they were wrong till they had gone some way, and then it was only a *few* that found they were wrong. The guide kept telling them that he knew the way, and that they should get safely to their journey's end; but some knew they were wrong—they saw no way-marks nor footsteps—their lamps got dim, though the darkness had broken a good deal, and they made up their minds to return; but they had hard work to do so.

The road they had come *down* so quickly and easily, they could not get *up* so easily; the gravel kept slipping from their feet,¹⁴ and their lamps gave them at first very little light. But at last some of them got back to the place from which they had gone wrong; and, by using their lamps carefully, looking attentively at their maps, and searching for the way-marks and footsteps, they got into the King's road again, tired and weary, but thankful and grateful, and made up their mind never to follow any man again, no matter how clever he might seem, unless that man proved himself to be right by his map, and by showing them the Prince's way-marks and footsteps.¹⁵ Others of the company, who had left the highway, straggled along a road that led them back to the place from which they first started, and they never made any attempt to get to the road again. The rest went on, and as their lamps grew dim they lighted some torches, which they made out of some fallen pitch-pines and straw and stubble; these

made a great flare for some time, but when they most wanted them, went out and left them in utter darkness.

As the others who had kept in the right road began to go forward, they heard a voice behind them say, "This is the way, walk ye in it." They could not see who spoke, but it encouraged them very much, as they were now quite sure that they were in the King's road. They went on very cheerfully and thankfully; they valued their maps and lamps more than ever, and took more care to keep their lamps trimmed and fed, and to hold them down to their feet. They found a good deal of dust cling to their clothing and their body, but they remembered the directions which the King's servant had given them at starting; they looked out for the stream of water he had spoken of, and were not long in finding it, for sometimes it ran quite close to the road, and was never very far from it; and after bathing in this fresh, clear, running water, they found their stiffness and weariness

quite gone, their spirits refreshed, their strength renewed,¹⁶ and all the dust of the day washed off.

One of the hills over which they had to go was very hard to get up. Instead of the road being of strong firm ground (though sometimes rough and stony), it was made of very loose gravel, into which the travellers sunk up to their knees. The hill, too, was rather steep, and some of the travellers were inclined to stop when they had gone up a little way; but they found themselves slipping back, the gravel gave way from under their feet; and if they had not tried all they could at once to get up, they would soon have fallen back to the bottom of the steep again.

As they came near to the end of their journey they were able to look back on the path by which they had come. The darkness cleared away for a little while, and they were able to see, at a great distance behind them, the gates at the beginning of the King's road; the road running straight

over hill and dale, *now* plunging into a thick forest and lost in the trees, *then* coming out at the other end. They could also see the false roads meeting this, and were able to remember what happened at the different parts of the road. "There," said one, "we had to pass through a very close thicket of thorns." "And do you see the spot," said another, "where we found the Prince's way-marks after looking for them so long?" "And do you remember," said another, "how we slipped as we came down that hill? But we must not look back, except to see how far we have been brought on our journey, and to learn to be thankful for having come so far in safety." When the travellers were able thus to look back and see all the way by which they had been led, it made them rejoice in hope of soon seeing the King's country; and as the darkness soon settled down upon the road again, they turned their faces towards the King's country, and went on again with cheerful and hopeful hearts.

The last hill to which travellers come before they pass over the bridge that leads into the King's country, is a very high, steep hill. From the top of this, if the darkness should clear away from the hill-top, you may see the deep, broad, and swift river which runs at the foot of the hill, and lies at the very furthest end of the King's road; you may see the high, narrow bridge, like a rainbow, so thin and arched, over which travellers have to cross the river; and very often the glorious inhabitants of the other land may be seen crossing this bridge, and coming out to meet travellers, as they reach their journey's end. Sometimes the cloud and darkness is so thick upon the hill, that the travellers can see nothing except by the help of their lamps; but these generally burn brighter at the last, and often give more clear, and beautiful, and cheering light on the path, which lies at the very foot of the bridge, than they gave all the journey through. But other travellers have had glimpses from the top of this hill even

of the royal city, and have told their fellow-travellers of what they saw. Sometimes the bridge has been covered with a heavy darkness, and no part of it could be seen, while beyond it streaks of light played over the distant country, and encouraged the traveller as he was about to step upon the steep and narrow bridge, and cross the dark, deep, and gloomy river.

Many of the young children, who were among the company of travellers, and were not able to use their little lamps so well as the older ones, when they reached the top of the hill, caught sight of the bridge (for the darkness *there* was not like when it is dark among us, but it might be dark round *one*, and a streak of light all the while enabling another to see far beyond). So some of these young travellers, when they came to the top of the hill, said, "Oh, what a beautiful sight! Do you see those bright, glittering creatures, that are coming over that high bridge? They seem as if they had come to welcome us, and the darkness

seems as if it was gone from the path leading down to the river—it quite shines with the light.” Their fathers, and mothers, and friends, could see nothing of this. So these young travellers began cheerfully, and with smiles upon their faces, to go down the hill.¹⁸ The rest did the same, and doubtless they have all, by this time, crossed the bridge, and reached the King’s country in safety, for it was never known that any who had come so far along the road, carefully looking at their maps, using their lamps to their feet, observing the way-marks and the Prince’s footsteps, and following their guides only as they followed the directions of the King’s servants, ever failed to get in safety to their journey’s end.

NOTES.

¹ John, xiv. 6.—I am the *way*, the truth, and the life.—Heb. xi. 13.—These all died in faith.

² 1 Pet. ii. 21.—Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps.

³ Mark, xvi. 15.—Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.

⁴ Matt. iii. 9.—Think not to say within yourselves, We have Abraham to our father.

⁵ Psalm cxix. 105.—Thy word is a light unto my *feet*, and a lamp unto my paths.

⁶ John, xvi. 33.—In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.

⁷ Psalm cvi. 24.—Yea, they despised the pleasant land, they believed not his word.

⁸ Matt. vii. 14.—Narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

⁹ Acts, ii. 42.—And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers.

¹⁰ Jer. vi. 16.—Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls.

¹¹ Isa. viii. 20.—To the law and to the testimony: if they speak not according to *this* word, it is because there is no light in them.

¹² Jer. xvii. 5.—Cursed is the man that trusteth in *man*, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart leparteth from the Lord.

¹³ 1 Thess. v. 21.—Prove all things; hold fast that which is good.

¹⁴ Prov. xiv. 14.—The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways.

¹⁵ 1 Cor. xi. 1.—Be ye followers of me, even as I also am of Christ.

¹⁶ Isa. xl. 31.—They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint.

¹⁷ Deut. viii. 2.—And thou shalt remember all the way by which the Lord thy God led thee.

¹⁸ Isa. xl. 11.—He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom.

THE FOWLER.

It was a fine summer's day, the sun was shining clear and strong in the bright blue sky, a gentle breeze was sweeping through the air, carrying a few light clouds along, which seemed like islands of light in the midst of the wide blue around them. Several rivers, broad and deep, were rolling through the plain towards the sea, which, at a distance, glittered in the sunbeams with its countless ripples like a silver shield. Various little rivulets were winding through the fields to join the larger streams, and some small mountain streamlets, as they leaped from stone to stone, down the sides of the heath-covered hills, looked like threads of silver on cushions of purple.

There was a very large thick wood, which seemed, from the sounds that rose from it,

to be full of birds; but the sounds did not seem like those of *common* birds, they were more like the busy hum of a large market-place or exchange. Hearing this unusual sound I walked into the wood. I soon saw some of these birds; they were of very different colours and sizes, though in shape they were generally alike. Some of them were covered all over with the finest gold and silver feathers, mixed with deep blue, and purple, and scarlet; they had fine crests on the top of their heads, and strutted along the ground, almost sweeping it with their wings, as if they knew how gay their feathers were, and how fine they looked. These birds were surrounded by others, less gay in their plumage than the first, but still plainly belonging to the same class of birds. Some of these went before, as if to make way for the fine gold and silver bird that walked so pompously in the midst. Some walked by his side and some followed him.¹ I observed, that though they all looked as if they were walking at liberty,





"A large and beautiful aviary."

they could only go a very little way, for they all had chains of very thin, and almost invisible thread, round their legs ; and when they had gone a little way, they were obliged to go back again as soon as they had come to the end of their chain.² There seemed to be plenty of food for them, for the fruits were lying thick on the ground, and, bursting as they fell, left their seeds bare for these birds to pick and eat. I walked on a little way further, and met several more of these curious birds. I saw some which had lost almost all their feathers, and looked as bare and miserable as anything could be. The rest seemed to take no notice of them, but walked about on their own business.³

I went on further, and at last came to a large open space, surrounded on all sides by trees. At one end of this open space there was a large and beautiful aviary, filled with birds ; and instead of the gabbling noises, which the other birds that I had seen in the wood were making, these birds were singing the sweetest songs, so soft and

solemn, and yet so clear and full, that they seemed to spread all around and make the air full of music. The doors of this aviary were open, and many of the birds which belonged to it were walking about in front, picking up the seed which had been scattered about for their food. It seemed very plain seed, and I observed that the birds were soon satisfied;⁴ and though some of the same kinds of fruit had either fallen from the trees, or been placed on the ground near the aviary, yet these birds did not touch them as the other birds did, but were content with the plain seed and water provided for them.

Almost all the birds in this aviary were very plain in their plumage; scarcely any of them had those fine gold and silver feathers, that deep blue, and scarlet, and purple, which the birds I saw strutting about in the wood were covered with:⁵ and those few, which had some fine feathers about them, did not seem proud of them, and were not followed about by a crowd of

other birds ; for it seemed as if, in this aviary, the birds that sang the sweetest notes, and kept up their cheerful, solemn songs the best, were most thought of by the rest ; and I saw many a little modest-looking bird, with plain grey feathers, which had gone into some unnoticed corner of the aviary, or was unobserved, as it seemed, among the branches of the trees that overhung it, pouring forth such a flood of sweet, clear, cheerful sounds, as made every heart dance with pleasure, and set the other birds trying to copy the notes and sing their song too : so that, when the song seemed dropping, one bird stirred up the rest to sing, and all day long there was one continued chorus of sweet notes filling the aviary, and sounding quite through the wood.⁶

On listening very carefully, I found that these birds spoke ; and on paying close attention to their songs, I could make out the words they said. They were all about the care that was taken of them there, the safety in which they were kept, the abundant sup-

ply of food they enjoyed, and the kindness of their keeper and his servants.

I observed that these birds had no chain, nor anything that could be seen to keep them from rambling away from the aviary, though I soon saw that their safety was in keeping near to it, so as to be always within reach in case of danger; for though they were really safe while in the aviary, and near it, yet there were many dangers about the place.

Many hawks and kites, and other fierce birds, were continually hovering about to attack the birds from the aviary; and they had sometimes hard work to drive them off, and get back to their home again.⁷ There were, indeed, very few that had not, at some time or other, been severely wounded and torn by them. The very little ones, however, were, I found, specially guarded. I saw one fierce hawk balancing himself in the air, just over several little birds that had walked some small distance from the aviary; they were quite ignorant of any danger

hanging over them; and it seemed as if some of them must fall a prey to the fierce hawk, when once he should pounce down upon them. But, just as he was going to drop like lightning upon them, one of the keepers, whom I had not seen before, but who had been watching the brood of little ones, came and stood by them, stretched out his hand over them, and looked up at the hawk,⁸ which darted away the moment he caught sight of the keeper's eye.

I observed, that all round this aviary, at a little distance from it, *traps* were set baited with all kinds of different things. The traps were made of the same kind of thin, transparent string, with which the birds I had seen, on first coming into the wood, were fastened, so that they could not get away; and on coming into the wood at the first, I found myself entangled in something very thin but very strong, which twisted round my legs and over my face and hands, as I was walking into the wood. I found that there was a strong net-work spread all

over the entrance to the wood, made of some stuff much thinner than spiders' webs, but stronger than the strongest wire, which I was obliged to lift up from the ground, that I might pass under and get into the wood. The traps I saw round about the aviary were made of this same thread, which was so very strong that it could not be broken, and yet so very thin that it could scarcely be seen.

I saw a very fearful-looking creature, unlike anything I had ever seen before, busy about these traps: though *I* saw it, it was plain that the birds in the aviary did not. This dreadful-looking creature was setting the traps and putting in the baits, which were very different. In one trap he put a little gold circle with some pearls on it; in another some of the fine blue, crimson, and purple feathers I saw on the birds in the wood; but the bait most frequently put in, was made of pieces of what looked like white and yellow clay, though it shone and glittered. The birds from the aviary could scarcely help coming near these traps when-

ever they walked about, and many of those which had once been in the aviary were led to look at the baits and were caught. I could not understand what there was in this white and yellow clay, which should make these silly birds wish to go near it. They could not eat it, and all they could do was to carry it away; but almost every bird that had once got a hankering for this bait, was caught and chained by the dreadful-looking creature that was watching the traps.⁹ I saw that he did not throw down the wire nets at first; he let them turn over the baits, and look at them, and carry away a little lump, and they were almost sure to come again to the trap and at last be caught. When they next came near the trap they went at once to this bait, and though they could not eat it, nor taste it, nor indeed do anything but *look* at it,¹⁰ they were so taken up with looking at it that they gave no heed to what was being done to catch them. The fine wire nets were lifted up by strings, and that wicked-looking creature,

who was trying to catch the birds from the aviary, flapped them down so as to shut them in on every side, and they knew nothing about it, till they found his chain fastened round their legs and their liberty taken away. Still even after this it was strange to see how entirely taken up they were with their white and yellow clay; they did nothing all day but scrape it together; one poor silly prisoner was continually striving with the rest, which should get together the greatest number of lumps, and the bird that had got the largest heap of this glittering stuff, though he was envied by those who had not got so much, was made a great deal of by the rest. Wherever he came, the other birds who had not got so much, but wished to get it, made way for him,¹¹ and the bird walked about with an air as much as to say, "I am the bird that has got so many bits of white and yellow clay." I saw some other traps baited with fine blue, scarlet and purple feathers. The birds that were caught by this bait were those that

were not contented with the plain, simple-looking feathers, which the birds in the aviary wore; they had seen those fine-looking birds that were strutting about outside the aviary in the wood, though they had *not* seen their chains, and they thought what a fine thing it must be to have such beautiful feathers, and walk about in the wood for every bird to admire them. So when they saw the bright purple and scarlet and blue feathers lying on the ground (as they thought, for they did not see the trap), they first took up one and then another, and while busied about sticking these in to make themselves look as fine as they could, the spring was touched, the strong and almost invisible nets were drawn together, and they were caught.

I saw that some of these birds, which had been caught, were made use of as decoy birds to catch others. The dreadful-looking fowler did not fasten these birds to the ground, as the others were, but let them go into the aviary with a long piece of the in-

visible thread round their legs. They looked almost the same as before they had wandered from the aviary and been caught, and the birds in the aviary could scarcely have found any difference in their appearance: they sang quite loud, indeed they made more noise than they had been used to do, but their song was not so cheerful, it seemed strained and forced; and then they tried to entice the other birds to go with them into the wood, and told them of all the beautiful things they had seen there, and endeavoured to make them discontented with the quiet of the aviary,—with the plain seed and water —by talking of the fruits that they could gather in the wood, and telling them how they would have their liberty,¹² and be able to do just as they liked, and be clothed with fine feathers, and have no keepers to be always looking after them. Many silly young birds were persuaded by these false words to leave the aviary, and never came back.

I saw some other traps, baited with little troughs full of what looked like water of

different colours. I saw some birds stop and sip of these troughs, and then go on further; but they had not gone far before they began to flap their wings, and crow, and shake their feathers, and chirp; and directly they came near another of the troughs, they went up to it, and sipped and drank some more, and generally sank down, as if stupid, after drinking once or twice of those troughs, and were caught, without making even a struggle, in the traps.¹³ These poor birds, directly they awoke and found themselves prisoners, ran up to the trough again, and soon forgot all about their situation.¹⁴ They soon were quite changed in their appearance; their feathers dropped off; they could not eat even the fruits of the wood, and soon died.

I saw several birds that had wandered from the aviary and been caught, when they were in the trap, look piteously towards the aviary, to see if the keeper were looking; and when they did this, some one of the servants that watched the aviary was sent

to the trap. He struck the net, it broke in a moment to pieces, and the poor frightened bird spread its wings and flew back to its home again,¹⁵ and after being thus caught, would never go far from the aviary, and avoided going near any of those baits again.

But it was not only some of the birds which had been *just* caught, that I saw thus delivered and return to the happy aviary; there were some that had wandered a very great way into the wild wood, and had never come near the aviary for a long, long time; they had carefully avoided every path that either led, or *seemed* to lead, towards it; and had done all they could, both to get as far away as possible, and to keep away from it. Yet even some of these were brought back. Though their fruits grew so abundantly in some parts of the wood, there were other parts where no fruits grew, even of the kind that these birds lived on, where all they could pick up were bitter berries, which they would gladly not have eaten, they were so bitter.¹⁶ The wretched birds

wandered about, not knowing where to go; the cold winds, blowing through the openings in the wood, pierced through and through their almost naked bodies, for the feathers had nearly all dropped off; and in *this* part of the wood (though it may seem very strange) it was quite winter, while, in the other part, it seemed the height of summer: *here* there was not a leaf upon the trees, the very bushes and underwood were naked and bare; the withered leaves, that had fallen to the ground, were almost all blown away by the violent winds; so that the poor shivering wanderer roamed about day and night, not knowing where to go for warmth and shelter: and as for food, the bitter berries could scarcely be called food. When the poor bird was at last brought quite low, so as to despair almost of life, and was lying down on the cold ground to die,¹⁷ one of the servants of the aviary (who had gone out by his master's orders, in search of that stray bird and others, which he was directed to go and fetch back) came

to where the miserable bird was lying down to die. The poor proud wanderer was at last humbled, so that instead of running away from the servant, he lay still till he came to him. The kind servant took him up in his arms and laid him in his bosom, and carried him back to the aviary, where he was fed and nourished. And when he was grown stronger, and could sing his song with the rest, though there were many sweet notes among those happy birds, there was none more sweet to the ears of the keeper¹⁸ than the soft, plaintive, and yet joyful note of those poor birds which had been brought back by the servants from the furthest parts of that wintry wood, and saved from death when almost dying.

NOTES.

¹ Jude, 16.—Having men's persons in admiration because of advantage.

² Rom. vi. 16.—To whom ye yield yourselves servants (slaves) to obey, his servants (slaves) ye are to whom ye obey.

³ Luke, xv. 14, 16.—He began to be in want—and no man gave unto him.

⁴ Phil. iv. 11.—I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.

⁵ 1 Cor. i. 26.—Not many wise men after the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble are called.

⁶ Isa. xliii. 21.—This people have I formed for myself; they shall show forth my praise.

⁷ Eph. vi. 12.—For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness (wicked spirits) in high places.

⁸ Matt. xviii. 14.—It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

⁹ 1 Tim. vi. 9.—They that *will* be rich fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.

¹⁰ Eccles. v. 11.—What good is there to the owners thereof, saving the beholding them with their eyes?

¹¹ Prov. xiv. 20.—The poor is hated even of his own neighbour : but the rich hath many friends.

¹² 2 Pet. ii. 19.—While they promise them liberty, they themselves are the servants of corruption.

¹³ Prov. xx. 1.—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging : and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

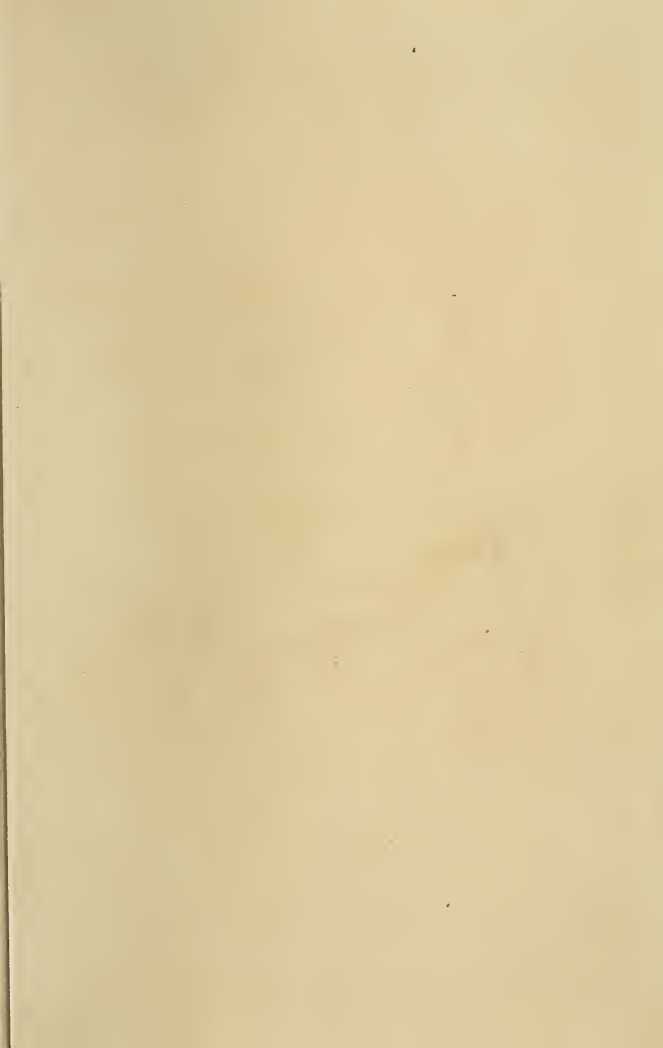
¹⁴ Prov. xxiii. 35.—When shall I awake ? I will seek it yet again.

¹⁵ Psalm cxxiv. 7.—Our soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler : the snare is broken, and we are escaped.

¹⁶ Prov. i. 31.—Therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way, and be filled with their own devices.

¹⁷ Psalm cvii. 12, 13.—They fell down, and there was none to help them. Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he delivered them out of their distresses.

¹⁸ Luke, xv. 7.—I say unto you, that likewise joy shall be in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety and nine just persons that need no repentance.



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